

THE PIONEER CAMPFIRE



ADAPTED FOR CHILDREN

With the Emigrants on the Great Plains
With the Settlers in the Log Cabin Homes
With the Frontiers and Mines
With the Prospectors on the Trails, of Comstock-
lugs and in the Log Cabins

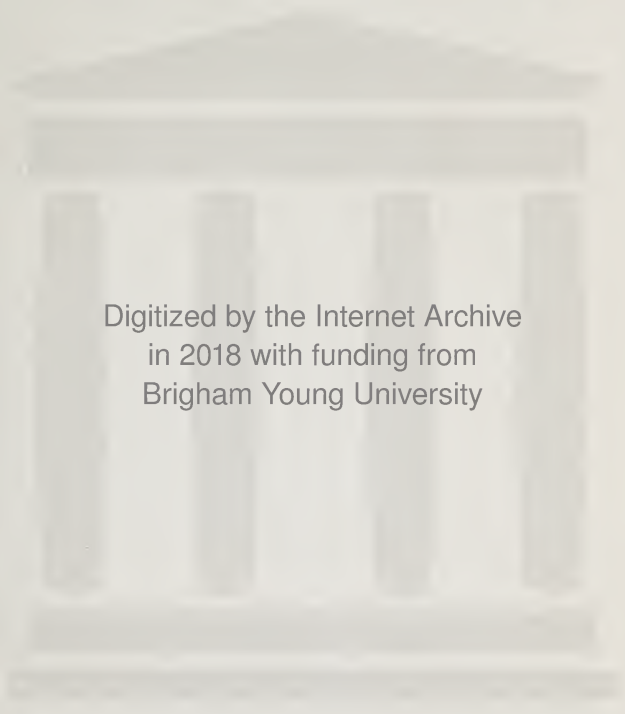
Anecdotes, Adventures and Reminiscences

BY C. W. BENTLEY
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G. W. KENNEDY

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The Pioneer Campfire

IN FOUR PARTS

With the Emigrants on the Great Plains
With the Settlers in the Log Cabin Homes
With the Hunters and Miners
With the Preachers on the Trails, at Camp-
meetings and in the Log Cabins



Anecdotes, Adventures and Reminiscences

By **G. W. KENNEDY**
Pioneer of 1853

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TO THE CHERISHED MEMORY

Of Father and Mother Kennedy, stalwart among the heroes of frontier life, revered for their hospitality among men, and their loyalty to God, to whom I owe all that belongs to the earthly life, this book is affectionately dedicated, by the Author.

THE UNIVERSITY
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY
TUCSON, ARIZONA

SALUTATION.



ELL, here we are around the Pioneer Camp Fire.

Let us roll the chunks together and hear some old time stories; stories about the ox team, the prairie schooner, the shotgun and rifle. And about the log cabin, down on the donation claim. About the dear old Fathers, not here today. Let us hear about the Indian wars, and about the buckskin breeches and moccasins; or when we went to School and Church barefoot. And let us hear some stories about Lane and Nesmith, and Abernethy, and Meek, and Lee, and Whitman, those grand old builders of Oregon. Then we will have some jargon songs, and round off with the old time "Social Chat" around the camp fire.

INTRODUCTION



BOOK should be a companion, an instructor, a fireside friend.

In this we seek to tell the fireside story of the Oregon Country—a land blest of God with every charm of Nature, and invested by man with the most romantic history. Seek not herein, biography and history, but listen to the story of the Pioneer Days, in anecdote, adventure and reminiscient sketches.

With this promise before us, we modestly ask your reading of the following pages.

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FOREWORD.



THE journey to Oregon in the forties and fifties was a memorable pilgrimage along unknown trails, destined to be lined with the dead. Upon their arrival in the new land, the Oregon pilgrims found themselves among Indians whose language was strange and whose habits were devilish. Despite ferocious attacks of the savages, these pilgrims—schooled in the hardships of pioneer life—hewed the forests into homes, school houses, churches and cities; they cultivated the sod into fields, gardens and orchards; and they taught the treacherous Indian to worship the God of our fathers. Under their touch, the hunting ground became the scene of a harvest home, the tepee a college, and the battlefield a sanctuary. Such were the sterling men and women who imperiled their lives to reclaim the forests to culture, and the untamed Indian to civilization. Thus in deeds of daring, in long suffering, and in devotion to their cause, the Oregon pilgrims rank with the best blood of the earth.

In the early morning of Oregon history, the Author of "The Pioneer Camp Fire" became a prominent figure. He mingled with the most active men and women of the time. He lived amidst their

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activities. He heard them recite Oregon stories as tragic as the deeds of Horatius, Cassabianca and James Fitzjames; and he jotted them down in his memory after he had talked heart to heart with the Indians. Thus the early history of Oregon became a part of his being. Later, when his age ripened, he recounted the stories with the coloring of pioneer days.

This patriotic effort has been a cherished labor of love with the Author; and it merits public approval with liberal patronage.

Those who read "The Pioneer Camp Fire" will be convinced that many were the deeds of valor in Oregon that reached the historic horizon; and they will look forward to the time when the West will produce a Sir Walter Scott, a Virgil or a Homer who will set the stories of pioneer life to rhythm so that they may be sung or recited by all who admire the fortitude of the Oregon Makers.

PROF. JOHN B. HORNER.

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PRELUDE.

“Westward the Star of Empire takes its way!
The four first acts already past;
The fifth shall close the drama for the day,
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”



TAR of Empire”—luring guide to migrating humanity. First it shone across the sea and lit the vales of Danube and Rhine; crossed the Alps and Appenines. Then illumined the shores of the new world beyond the Atlantic; thence across the Alleghenys, and the boundless Mississippi, but rested not until—like the star of the wise men, which came and stood o’er the manger cradle in Bethlehem—this Star of Empire rested upon “the interminable woods, where rolls the Oregon.” “The Ultima Thule” is reached—the last undiscovered land—“Time’s noblest offspring” reserved a gift of God, to this “land of the free”—the richest acquisition of America.

For 200 years, five nations sought the Oregon Country—tried to discover the “Great River of the West.” When Heceta, the Spaniard, came to latitude 46 north, the current of the great river drove his ships far out to sea. And Mereas, the English explorer, came to the same place, twenty years after, fogs were on, and he said: “There

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is no river," named it Deception Bay and sailed away. Vancouver came with his fleet, but passed it in the night. Not until 1792, when General Washington had sent the gallant Captain Gray in his little ship, Columbia, along the Pacific Coast, were the tides and currents fair. May 10, he anchored just outside the bar. Next morning, the 11th of May, the sun shone clear and revealed the wonderful river—a light breeze landward. Captain Gray says: "We filled all sails, and within an hour were anchored seven miles up the long-sought "River of the West." Oregon was found; romantic, golden, evergreen Oregon.

AUTHOR.

THE MARCH OF THE OREGON PIONEERS.

In human history, there never was such a movement of people, as this of the Americans, from the Mississippi Valley, westward to the Oregon Country. The exodus of the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan, was only a journey of 400 miles, with definite roadway. The great migration of Goths and Huns was a march through Central Europe, of 600 miles. The "Treking" of the Boers from South Africa to the Transvaal, was a move of less than 1000 miles; protection all the way. But here is a movement of families, over a vast desert, 2000

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miles, through hostile Indian tribes, to a practically foreign country; to endure hardships in settlement, of which the history of mankind has not a parallel.

In this, there is a romance of adventure, patriotism, enterprise and lofty ambition, characteristic only of Americans. In the fifties, the face of the people was toward the West. They went to sleep at night, and dreamed of the distant Eldorado; they arose in the morning with faces toward the Pacific. Then the "great emigration" set in. They came from Illinois, and Indiana, and Missouri, and from Iowa—went away to the sunny plains of California, the golden caverns of the Sacramento, or northward to the evergreen Willamette, "where rolls the Oregon."

"Tell us again the story of the West—

The story of the few that dared to lift
Their eyes toward the unknown, mystic land
That seemed to lie beyond the setting sun;
And, with a sturdy courage, blazed the way

With unmarked graves, with blood, and sweat and tears,
That we, their children, might possess in peace,
This rich domain—our priceless heritage."

—TRUAX.

Lyman, in his great book, "The Columbia River," says: "The great immigration to Oregon marks an era in American history, absolutely

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unique; its like is not in all history. To have had the honor of a participation in it was to hold a distinction more ennobling than the coronet of Duke or Lord.”

“The man who is not moved at what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.”

—AUTHOR.



AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

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AROUND THE CAMPFIRE WITH THE EMIGRANTS

I



AT sunset on the evening of April 28th, 1853, our first campfire was made—about ten miles west of St. Jo—on the Missouri—our crossing place.

That night there stood about the campfire two young men—homesick boys they were—and they talked about “turning back;” about Pa and Ma they’d left behind, and about the old home in Illinois.

The name of one was Samuel Bowles, the other I need not name, until later, when I may tell something of the story of the great “Inland Empire” in Oregon. He will forever stand among the heroes of frontier life. Both these young men had gone from home against their parents’ wish, had hired to drive team for some of their neighbors. For days “Sam” had been homesick, but had tried to throw it off and be brave. But now the great river is crossed—the divide between civilized life and naught but a savage wilderness for 2000 miles before. It must be “now or never.” Heart fail-

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ure got in on him, and now, as they stood about that campfire, he said to his friend: "I will be compelled to face about in the morning and go back home." "What's that you say? Why, boy, have you weakened altogether? I thought you were homesick, but I was sure you would recover; I've been as good a doctor as I know how to be." "I've been thinking all day of what Father said just before we rolled away that morning. He told Ma he had always expected me to stay by them, and help them down the hill slope—when old age came on. Then he grieved as if his heart would break. Somehow all this has got hold of me today, and I must turn back tomorrow." Supper was over in the camp, and quite a company had gathered about that central fire. Some of the women had heard what that boy had said, and all sat silent for a while. Soon tears were flowing down the cheeks of some. Yes, the Missouri River was crossed and here the last battle with homesickness must be fought. One, a young wife, said: "Well, for certain, if Jake and I were back on that little farm in Calhoun County, we wouldn't give it for all the wild land in distant Oregon. We had cleared three acres out of the Black Jack; one neighbor called our farm "The Cabbage Patch," but right here, I'd ruther have that cabbage patch home, and ease of mind, than the uncertainty of bein' scalped by these Injuns like we saw at the crossing today."

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The "turn back" fever raged in camp that night, and no one knew what the other would do. Instead of the usual joviality, gloom had settled down upon them. At last Sam's companion arose, "Now, men, let us pull ourselves together and be men. Sing that song about 'Scouting with Kit Carson,' or that about the 'Jolly Miner.' There's mines of gold ahead. Stir up the fire, I'll sing you a song of the West, made by that poetry sharp, called Morris."

He sang with a clear voice, and the heart cheering spirit which made him master of all occasions.

"Talk not of the town, boys, give me the broad prairie,
Where man like the wind roams impulsive free;
Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.

A life in the woods, boys, is ever as changing;
With proud independence we season our cheer,
And those who the world are happiness ranging,
Won't find it all, if they don't find it here.

Then enter, boys, cheerily, boys, enter and rest;
I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.
Here, Brother, secure from all turmoil and danger,
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;

We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.
We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find;

We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,
And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.
Then enter, boys, cheerily, boys, enter and rest;
You know how we live, boys, and die in the West."

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He sang the whole song. I have given only a part. That company all revived, except "Samie Bowles," who said "good-bye" next morning, and returned to the old home, and was lost to all knowledge afterwards.

THE TRAIN.

Our train was never attacked by such a spell of gloominess again. Ours was a train of forty wagons, and about one hundred people, all from Southern Illinois. There were the Hubbards—three families; the elder David Hubbard, a Baptist preacher; Venables, Zumwalts, Thurmans, two families; Esq. Applegate and grown sons; Robert and Jo McLaughlin; Wells and Kennedys. These were the families. Charles Felton, a single man, was captain. Soon that large train was making daily drives of fifteen to twenty miles per day, varied according to conditions for encampment.

An emigrant train on the move was a novel sight. There were from two to four yoke of oxen to each wagon. The wagons were covered with white sheeting, drawn over hickory bows, standing high. Sheet drawn on the rear by a cord, until only a small hole was left for a lookout—open front. It looked like a veritable telescope; and telescope it was, magnifying every thing before, and minifying everything behind—splendid, indeed!

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GREAT EMIGRATION.

About thirty thousand people crossed the Missouri River in the spring of 1853 bound for Oregon and California. Some days there seemed almost a continuous train of moving wagons, and until laybys occurred from accidents of various causes, these trains were a hindrance to each other. O, the great plains; nothing but the horizon to break the view—plains, plains, grassy hills and prairies; on the streams straggling cottonwood and willow. Sometimes small groves of timber appeared. Great difficulty for lack of wood was a general experience, and drift wood along the Platte River was eagerly obtained. The buoyant spirit, the good nature, ever jollity of a train of those emigrants was remarkable. In harmony with this I am at liberty to quote from the journal of Mr. J. Quinn Thornton (well known for many years in Oregon). He crossed the plains in 1846. Early in the journey he wrote:

NOTES.

“We all encamped for the night in a most beautiful piece of woods, which skirted both sides of the stream, distant twelve miles from our camp of the previous night. The impression made upon the mind by the neighing of the horses, the braying of the mules, the groups of men, the little knots of

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women, the loud, merry laugh of some of the children, the crying of others, the mingling of voices, the walking to and fro, the ascending smoke in front of the clean white tents scattered among the trees, reminded me of a Methodist camp meeting. The wagons were generally new, strong and well painted. They were all covered with strong linen or cotton drilling; some of them being painted, so as more effectually to repel the rain. The cattle were numerous, fat and strong; the tents new and clean, the food of good quality, and abundant in quantity and variety. All persons were remarkably cheerful and happy. Many were almost boisterous in their mirth. We were nearly all strangers, and there was manifestly an effort on the part of each to make the most favorable impression he could upon the other. All were obliging and kind, and there was even an extraordinary absence of selfishness. Suffering, want, privation, mental anxiety, hardship, and exhausting labor had not yet blunted the moral perceptions of any, excited cupidity and selfishness, or dried up the fountains of the heart's best and purest affections. Everything seemed calculated to put us in good humor with ourselves and each other."

Ten days or two weeks' travel brought us to a stream called Salt River, a tributary of the Platte. Here we had our first Indian fright.

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ALMOST A BATTLE.

It was the purpose of this train to lay by over Sunday, whenever possible (sometimes had religious service). Sunday morning dawned on us here, clear and warm; every prospect for a delightful Sabbath rest. The cattle were grazing on the hills, and people preparing for worship. But look! Yonder to the west, over the hill, some Indians ride into view, others follow; on they came until fully two hundred warriors of the Pawnee tribe—worst Indians on the plains. Most of them dismounted, came right among us and began begging for food. They seemed starved. Had been out on the warpath fighting the Sioux Indians, and were returning home. Starved? Yes, they were hungry as wolves. Our people were afraid of them and so began to give them what they had cooked. They ate like hungry wolves, then begged for more. What to do was a grave question. My Father took his saddle horse and rode away to a trading post just below on the river, where there was an old frontiersman, married among the Indians, and asked him what we should do. He told my father to go back and tell the Captain to arm all his men with their best guns, circle a guard of them around the camp, every hundred feet a man; push those Indians back outside the circle, and tell them to go. “If you don’t they’ll eat everything you have

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and then be as likely to murder you all." "But we are afraid of them." "Put on a bold front," said the old trader. "It's your only chance." "If you don't they will take the train."

Father reported this to our Captain. He immediately formed the line of guards, drove those Indians back by force, and told them that they could have no more to eat. But to the dismay of all, they just moved off two or three hundred yards, and there camped. What next? Would they fight? Could our forty men stand off two hundred Pawnee Indians? They were better armed for a running dash than our people. Our men each had either a rifle, a shotgun, or a revolver; but all those were muzzle loaders, and took so long to reload. Those Indians could have murdered the whole train in ten minutes, had they only known their advantage. But they were afraid of our guns. All that day and well on into the night, those Indians would yell their wild warwhoops, and then rush up towards our camp, until within a few yards of the guards with leveled guns; but stopped when our men drew their guns to shoulder. No sleep that night for anyone. The women and children cried all night; the old preacher prayed, and the strong men watched as well as prayed. Aye, an unseen hand was guarding over all! Next morning some of our men went out to the Indians; told the Chief to come into camp, bring his son, and they would give

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them a good breakfast, then he must command his people to move on. This he agreed to do, and so before the sun was an hour high the last of the Pawnees were out of sight over a ridge to the south. What a relieved people; how they did thank God! They sang an old hymn, and prayed; got breakfast, yoked up the oxen, and soon the whole train was rolling on westward.

A few weeks more along the valley of the Platte; fording the North Fork of that stream, then out into the Black Hills; and beginning the ascent of the Rocky Mountains. The road grew more difficult every day. What scenery, what grand scenery; the landscape "contour and relief" was not always pleasing, but wild and grand. The road grew more mountainous. Here let me interject a more direct description of that old road, sometimes called the Oregon Trail.

THE OREGON TRAIL.

There has been much misunderstanding about the formation. The Old Emigrant Road! That is the right name. The only name by which it was known among the pioneers. And that Old Emigrant Road—that ox team highway across the great divide—separating the waters of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific, and westward to Oregon, no tongue can ever describe.

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When that first train of wagons crossed the Missouri River in the spring of 1843, one hundred and ten wagons, and one thousand people, with Dr. Whitman at the head, it had before it a trackless wilderness of two thousand miles. The vast and endless obstructions, desert waste, deep and rapid rivers, gulches and ravines, and vast mountain ranges. But those frontiersmen were equal to the task. How did they build it? They did not build the road at all.

True to the Western instinct they followed the Indian; took the Indian trail. That Indian trail was the first highway. The Pawnee, Blackfoot, Bannock and the Shoshone had been traveling over it for centuries. This great trail found the best ground, fords for rivers, and passes over the mountain ranges.

The Indian trail consists of a number of parallel paths, eight or ten in number, four or six feet apart, made by the pony riders traveling side by side.

This "Great Trail" became the emigrant wagon road. The paths were generally about far enough apart for the wagon wheels to roll in conveniently. In no other way could that first train have proceeded and made the time they did. That great Indian highway. What a guide to the emigrant,

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and a way for civilization. I must speak of the western end of this old road.

In the park of the City of The Dalles is a monument marked: "The End of the Oregon Trail, 1843-1859." This is misleading. Very few of the emigrants stopped there. The Willamette Valley was their destination. Oregon City was the real terminus, for there they called the journey over and separated to find homes. The Barlow road left The Dalles to the west twenty miles, and proceeded across the Cascade Range, south of Mt. Hood; and over this way most of the emigrants traveled. At Oregon City the monument ought to be placed, marking the "End of the Trail."

But it is a fact that Dr. Whitman made the first end of the road at his mission on the Walla Walla. The Indian trail was followed by the Hudson Bay men, and then the Missionaries, down the Grand Ronde to the north end of that valley, thence across the Blue Mountains and down the Walla Walla to the Columbia. That road was traveled by the emigrants until after the Whitman massacre in 1847. Then the road was made westward from the head of the Grand Ronde, across the Blue Mountains, thence down the Umatilla, down the Columbia and on to the Willamette. This road to the Grand Ronde valley left the old Indian trail in Powder River Valley, and took the direct route to the Columbia River, for Hudson Bay ad-

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vantage; but the Indian highway continued on across the Blue Range, heading the great canyons, which were so difficult for the emigrant in that digression into the mightiest gorge of Oregon—and held to a low pass over the range, down the Umatilla. As I traveled that old trail I wondered at the detour which the old emigrant road made.

There was another terminus of the old road also. Another “end.” In 1853 there was great interest awakened concerning the Puget Sound Country. The Natches Pass was opened for emigration from the Columbia Valley, over the Cascade Range, direct to the Sound. The first train of wagons to Puget Sound passed over the road, late in the fall of 1853. The story of the mighty difficulties overcome, and the dangers of that pass can never be told. Of the building of that road Mr. Geo. H. Himes has written in a most graphic manner. That “End of the Oregon Trail” was at Steilacoom.

CAMP SCENES.

And now let us return to the camp scenes. Nothing like an emigrant encampment. The wagons were circled when in the least danger of Indians. Within this circle were the tents and fires. What suppers those Illinois women would cook! And the bread mother made and baked in a frying-pan, or when wood could not be procured and we

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had to use the "Buffalo Chips," then the old oven, with iron cover, was used for baking. But those "buffalo chips" were a good substitute for wood. Nothing uncleanly about it, when you got a good fire of them.

And what splendid fries of Antelope and Buffalo we had; and of fish, further on the way. In the sagebrush country, always a great central fire was the place for all the train to gather around after supper, and the guards were sent out for the night. Then the cares of the day were dismissed; fear of Indians gone. Tales were told of wild adventure by some; memories of the old home revived; and, after all, some of the old hymns were sung. A general favorite was "I'm a Pilgrim, I'm a Stranger; I can Tarry but a Night." And another, "We are Going Home to Heaven Above; Will You Go?" And then the young folks would linger, sing some songs of childhood, and close, generally, with "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

LAUGHABLE SCENES.

The most laughable scenes occurred sometimes. In one of the trains there was a real "Dutch pair," husband and wife. One night the Dutchman was appointed guard, his first experience out in the Indian country. Along in the night some mules got the scent of wolves and began to bray loudly.

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The Dutchman thought his time had come, but made good haste to camp; came running in, crying at the top of his voice: "Mine vife, mine vife, le'd me in. All the hostile dribes of the plains ish upon us."

In another train, a certain gentleman, who had several wagons, had employed an Irishman to drive one of the teams for him. This raw Irishman was recently off the sea, where he had long served as a sailor. His first day trying the ox driving business, he got into trouble. He couldn't understand the cattle, nor they him. The team got all tangled up. Seeing the owner coming, Mike called out: "Master, master, come quick; the ox at the starn has got to the bow, and the ox at the bow has got clane back to the starn; the ox at the starboard has got over to the larboard, and the whole craft is going to the divil."

The Irishman who drove my Father's team got awfully mixed up sometimes. There was the danger side to this plains crossing, the awful trials and difficulties that made it almost a tragedy. Ours was a healthful year. Not many died, but the Indians were bad. The year before, 1852, was the fatal "cholera year." Ezra Meeker, who crossed the plains that year, said that five thousand emigrants died and were buried on the plains. I quote a paragraph.

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FATALITY.

“We know by the inscribed date found on the Independence Rock and elsewhere that there were wagons full three hundred miles ahead of us. The throng had continued to pass the river more than a month after we had crossed, so that it does not require a stretch of the imagination to say the column was five hundred miles long, and like Sherman’s march through Georgia, fifty thousand strong.”

Of the casualties in that mighty army I scarcely dare guess. It is certain that history gives no record of such great numbers migrating so long a distance as that of the Pioneers of the Plains, where, as we have seen, the dead lay in rows of fifties and groups of seventies. Shall we say ten per cent fell by the wayside? Many will exclaim that estimate is too low. Ten per cent would give us five thousand sacrifices of lives laid down even in one year, to aid in the peopling of the Pacific Coast States. The roll call was never made, and we know not how many there were. The list of mortalities is unknown, and so we are lost in conjecture, and if we should go by all the camping grounds we should see five times as many graves as we do, coupled with the fact that a parallel column from which we have no report was traveling up the Platte on the south side of the river, and

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that the outbreak of the cholera had taken place originally in this column, coming from the southeast, fully confirms the estimate of five thousand deaths on the Plains in 1852. It is a fact rather under than over the actual number who laid down their lives that year. I have mislaid the authority, but at the time I read, believed the account to be true, of a scout that passed over the ground late that year (1852) from the Loop Fork of the Platte to the Laramie, a distance approximating four hundred miles; that by actual count, in great part, and a conservative estimate of the remainder, there were six fresh graves to the mile for the whole distance. This, it is to be remembered, on the one side of the river, in a stretch where for the same distance a parallel column traveling on the opposite bank, where like conditions prevailed.

A few more instances must suffice to complete this chapter of horrors.

L. B. Rowland, now of Eugene, Oregon, recently told me the experience of his train of twenty-three persons, between the two crossings of the Snake River. Of the Twenty-three that crossed, eleven died before they reached the lower crossing.

Mrs. M. E. Jones, now of North Yakima, states that forty people in their train died in one day and two nights, before reaching the crossing of the Platte. Martin Cook, of Newberg, Oregon, is my authority for the following: A family of seven

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persons, the father known as "Dad Friels," from Hartford, Warren County, Iowa, all died and were buried in one grave.

THE SUMMIT.

On the Fourth of July, our train was passing about Independence Rock — Sweetwater — and about the middle of July were at the **summit of the Rocky Mountains**. At the south pass, elevation full eight thousand feet. But you ascend so gradual, and the summit such a broad plateau, it is difficult to realize that here you are at the top of the highest range on the Continent. The spring you camped at last night sent off a stream eastward, into the Atlantic Ocean, while the one you camp at tonight flows off westward and pours into Green River, then into the Colorado, and into the Pacific Ocean. Every man that ever crossed the Rockies, paused to take in the view; the most far-reaching view of a life time. Eastward, it is an abyss of distance; westward, down the great Range, over the Salt Lake Valley, and away southward, a greater abyss; and farther westward only jagged mountains, valleys chasing each other in and out, until your eyes are wearied with the wild sublimities.

SODA SPRINGS.

One of nature's wonders is the Soda Springs on Bear River. These were a great surprise to

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every one. One of them was called the steam-boat spring; it spouted, at times. These were all impregnated strongly with sulphur.

One of our boys, a youth of sixteen years of age, was out hunting as we approached these springs. Being thirsty with his tramping, and coming to one of the streams flowing from them, he stooped down and drank his fill of the soda water. Soon it began to rise in his stomach. He thought then it must be poison water, and he came at full run into camp calling loudly, "bring me the medicine, the medicine; I'm pisened, I'm pisened."

Here a train camped in 1850. A youth of twelve or fourteen years; tried his wits at poetry; his first attempt. Afterwards he made the people of Oregon proud to own him, although he is known as the "Poet of the Sierra Nevadas." He wrote to some friends East—

"The Soda Springs are on our way;
There is good beer there, I do say."

On to Port-Feuf—down the river—on to Fort Hall on the Snake River, and we are at the parting of the ways.

OLD FORT HALL.

Old Fort Hall was built by Captain Wyeth of Boston in 1834. Wyeth was the first American who figured largely in the fur trade on the Pacific Coast after Astor's failure. He built this trading post in order to hold the country thereabout in the

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trapping business. But afterwards he sold out to Hudson Bay Co., and at the time of the coming of the emigration to the Oregon Country, Captain Grant was there in charge. He seemed to be sent by the British Lion, to guard the Oregon frontier, against the coming of American settlers. Up to 1843 he had persuaded all to leave their wagons with him, and proceed on horseback and afoot.

From this place some passed on down the south side of Snake River; some crossed at Ft. Hall, some at Salmon Falls, crossing again at Ft. Boise, at the mouth of Boise River. Our train crossed at Salmon Falls; and in about two weeks landed safely at the lower crossing.

Those who essayed to travel down the south side, experienced incredible hardships and dangers; scarcity of feed, no game, no wood, and some got bewildered, and many really starved to death.

“LOST TRAIN.”

The famous “Lost Train” in 1845 took this route, and when they finally reached the Malheur Valley, were persuaded to take what has since been called “The Meek’s Cutoff,” down through the Harney Country, and before regaining the Emigrant Road on the Columbia, had lost about everything. The famous “Blue-bucket” story is connected with that lost train.

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Another train went further south, finally crossing the Cascades near Mt. Pitt, coming north, thence to the Willamette, arriving late in December. The awful perils of that journey, I must let another tell.

From the Salem Statesman, in April, 1904, I clipped the following sketch from the pen of Mrs. Brown, who was one of that unfortunate company.

THE SOUTHERN ROUTE.

One of the noblest women who ever came to Oregon, and one of the most useful, was Mrs. Tabitha Brown, the real and conceded founder of the Pacific University, at Forest Grove. At the beginning of the year 1846, Mrs. Brown was living in Missouri. She was then sixty-six years of age, and had been a widow for many years. She was a native of Massachusetts, but after becoming a widow, she taught school for several years in Maryland and Virginia, and finally went to Missouri to improve her situation and help her boys, of whom she had two, as well as a daughter.

We have before us a letter written by Mrs. Brown in August, 1854, from Forest Grove, to her brother and sister in the east, from whom she had not heard for several years, and whom she had long supposed to be dead. In the spring of 1846, Mrs. Brown provided herself with a good

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ox team and what she supposed was a sufficient supply for the trip, and in company with her daughter and one son, besides Captain John Brown, a brother of her deceased husband, started for Oregon.

At Fort Hall, to use her own language, three or four trains were decoyed off by a rascally fellow who came out from the settlement in Oregon, assuring us that he had found a new cutoff; that, if we would follow him we would be in the settlement long before those who had gone down the Columbia. This was in August. The idea of shortening the journey caused us to yield to his advice.

Our suffering from that time on no tongue can tell. We were carried hundreds of miles south of Oregon into Utah and California, fell in with Clamotte (Klamath, no doubt) and Rogue Indians, lost nearly all our cattle, and passed the Umpqua Canyon, nearly twelve miles through. I rode through in three days at the risk of my life, on horseback, having lost my wagon and all that I had but the horse I was on. Our families were the first to start through the canyon, so that we got through the mud and rocks much better than those who followed."

This Canyon which Mrs. Brown refers to was the present famous Cow Creek Canyon, which within the past few years has been such a terror

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to the section hands and train crews of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Mrs. Brown proceeds to say that "out of the hundreds of wagons only one came through without breaking. The canyon was strewn with dead cattle, broken wagons, beds, clothing, and everything but the provisions, of which later, we were nearly all destitute."

"Winter had set in. Mr. Pringle and Pherne insisted upon my going ahead with Uncle John to try and save our lives. They were obliged to stay behind a few days to recruit their cattle. They divided the last bacon, of which I had three slices. I had also a full cup of tea. No bread. We saddled our horses and set off, not knowing whether we would ever see each other again.

Captain Brown was too old and feeble to be of any assistance to me. Near sunset we came up with the wagons that left camp that morning. They had nothing to eat and their cattle had given out. In the morning I divided my last morsel with them and left them to take care of themselves. I hurried Captain Brown so as to overtake the three wagons ahead. We passed beautiful mountains and valleys, and saw but two Indians in the distance. In the afternoon Captain Brown complained of dizziness, and could only walk his horse behind. In two or three hours he became delirious and fell from his horse. I was afraid to jump down

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from my horse to assist him, as it was one a woman had never ridden before. He tried to rise to his feet but could not. I rode close to him and set the end of his cane, which I carried in my hand, hard in the ground to help him up. I then urged him to walk a little. He tottered along a few yards and then gave out.

I then saw a little sunken spot a few yards ahead and led his horse into it and with much difficulty got him raised to the saddle. Two miles ahead was another mountain valley with which many modern Oregonians are familiar."

The following paragraph from Mrs. Brown's letter reads like a romance, and illustrates one of the saddest experiences among all the hardships which so many of the Oregon pioneers were compelled to endure:

"The sun was now setting, the wind was blowing hard and the rain was drifting upon the side of the distant mountain. Poor me. I crossed the plain to where two mountain spurs met. Here the shades of night were gathering fast and I could see the wagon track no further. Alighting from my horse, I flung off the saddle and tied the horse fast to a tree with a lasso rope. The Captain asked me what I was going to do. My answer was, 'I am going to camp for the night.' He gave a groan and fell to the ground. I gathered my wagon sheet, which I had put under my saddle, hung it over the pro-

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jecting limb of a tree, and made me a fine tent. I then stripped the Captain's horse and tied him; placed saddle, bridle and blankets under the tent, and then helped the bewildered old gentleman, and introduced him to his new lodging upon the bare ground. His senses were gone. Covering him up as well as I could with the blankets, I seated myself upon my feet behind him, expecting he would be a corpse before morning.

“Pause for a moment and consider my situation. Worse than alone, in a savage wilderness, without food, without fire, cold and shivering; wolves fighting and howling all around me. Dark clouds hid the stars. All as solitary as death. But the same kind Providence that I had always known was watching over me still. As soon as light dawned I pulled down my tent, saddled the horses and found the Captain able to stand upon his feet. Just at this moment one of the emigrants whom I was trying to overtake came up. He was in search of venison. Half a mile ahead were the wagons I had hoped to overtake, and we were soon there and ate plentifully of fresh meat.”

This small party traveled on and at the foot of Calipooia Mountain the children and grandchildren of Mrs. Brown overtook them. They were many days crossing the Calipooia Mountain, which was covered with snow, and could go ahead but a mile or two each day. All the food was gone,

practically, and Mr. Pringle set off on horseback for the settlement, not knowing whether he would ever get through. We were again in a state of starvation. Many tears were shed during the day by all save one. She had passed through many trials, sufficient to convince her that tears would avail nothing in our extremities. "Through all my suffering in crossing the plains, I not once sought relief by the shedding of tears, nor thought we should not live to reach the settlements."

On Christmas day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Brown entered the house of the Methodist minister in Salem, "the first house I had set my feet in for nine months. For two or three weeks of my journey down the Willamette, I had felt something in the end of my glove finger which I had supposed to be a button. On examination at my new home in Salem, I found it to be a six and a quarter cent piece. This was the whole cash capital to commence business with in Oregon. With it I purchased two needles. I traded off some of my old clothing to the squaws for buck skins, worked them into gloves for the Oregon ladies and gentlemen, which cleared me upwards of thirty dollars."

Later Mrs. Brown accepted an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Clark to spend the winter with them on Tualatin Plains where Forest Grove now stands. Arriving there, she saw the necessity for some

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sort of school for the many poor children in the community, and at once proposed to use the log "meeting house" for school purposes. She offered to perform the work without special compensation for herself, only the expenses were to be met by the patrons. Parents, who were able, paid one dollar per week board, tuition, washing and all. Mrs. Brown agreed to labor one year for nothing.

"The time fixed for beginning the school was the first of March, 1848, when I found everything prepared for me to go into the old meeting house and cluck to my chickens. The neighbors had collected what broken knives and forks, tin pans and dishes they could part with, for the Oregon pioneer to commence housekeeping with. I had a well educated lady from the East, a missionary's wife, to assist me, and my family grew rapidly. In the summer they put me up a boarding house. I now had thirty boarders, of both sexes and all ages, from four to twenty-one. I managed them and did all my work except washing. That was done by the scholars."

That was the beginning of the Pacific University, which today is in many respects equal to any educational institution in the state, and is ahead of them all in the matter of permanent financial endowment.

This short sketch of Mrs. Brown is but a varied version of many other heroic and noble women

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who uncomplainingly bore their burdens in the interests of their husbands and children and having done their duty well, passed to the waiting future. As to them, the half has never yet been told, nor ever will be.

Mrs. Tabitha Brown died in the latter fifties, aged eighty years, mourned by hundreds who respected her many admirable qualities, that had done so much for the cause of education in this budding commonwealth on the Pacific Coast.

“Pherne,” frequently referred to by Mrs. Brown, was Mrs. Pringle, her daughter, who for forty-five years was a respected citizen of the South Salem hills and who was the mother of Mrs. John Hughes, of Salem. Mrs. Pringle died in 1892.

BOISE CROSSING.

At Fort Boise, we found a flat boat to ferry us over, though some had been crossing in their wagon boxes.

We had to swim the cattle and horses. The stream there is full of boiling whirlpools. My Father came near being drowned. He was engaged in swimming the cattle. To get some of them off the island where they had lodged, he had to swim over. On the return, he was caught by one of those boiling whirls and was taken down, struggling hard to swim out against that mighty current. An

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old mountaineer, standing on shore, called out to him to stop his hard strokes—to lie on his back and float below the whirlpool. My Father had often swam the Mississippi—a mile wide—but it had not occurred to him to rest himself. He followed the advice, and soon came to shore, further down the river.

DROWNED.

At the same place, a few days later, Mr. Obadiah Hines (the brother of Revs. Gustavus, H. K. and Joseph Hines, all preachers, en route for Oregon) was drowned. He was swimming over on the back of his horse, which was caught in the whirl, and both were drowned. From this crossing of Snake River on to The Dalles there was much of hardship and suffering, sometimes destitution.

Teams gave out—provisions also gave out.

PERILS.

There is an old pioneer couple living now in The Dalles at the age of eighty-four and eighty-two, viz.: Mr. Horace Rice and wife. They crossed the plains in 1851. When they reached Fort Boise their team had entirely given out; and worse, they were about out of provisions. They told me of their story. From Boise to The Dalles, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, they practically took it on foot. They were in the prime of life.

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She carried the baby—a boy of one and a half years old. He carried a few blankets and the little they had to eat. Emigrants—so nearly all of like fare—no one could give them help. The Indians cared not to disturb them. O, the suffering of such a trip, no tongue can tell! Those honored old people seem hale and hearty today. The boy baby of that perilous journey, lives now the next door to his parents, in The Dalles, and is the honored citizen, Mr. George Rice.

From Snake River over on to Burnt River; up that awful canyon; across Powder River; on through the beautiful Grand Ronde; over the Blue Mountains, down on the wild Umatilla, and on down the Columbia to the Deschutes, came our train. Some of the families that started with us had dropped off at different points along, but my Uncle, George Wells, the McLaughlins, and Father's wagons had journeyed through together. Crossing the Deschutes River at the mouth, thence we bore south up the fifteen mile creek, and took the "Barlow Road" across the Cascade Mountains. When we came to the foot of the mountains and reached the toll gate—"Barlow's Gate"—found timber plenty, grass and water; so there we lay by a few days recruiting for the last hard pull.

BOLD MOVE.

When Samuel Barlow came to The Dalles in

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1845, he inquired if there was not a road across the Cascade Mountains. The reply was, "No wagon road can ever be made over that range." "There was never a mountain but that a road can be made through it or over it," was his reply. With Mr. Rector and family and a few others, they journeyed south, through the Tygh Valley, up over the White River Flats and entered the mountains just as the "Barlow Road" was afterwards built. About the summit of the mountain the winter caught them, and there the whole company spent the hard winter of '46, ate all their stock of provisions; killed their cattle and ate them. Were at the point of starvation. Then Barlow and Rector started out over the snow for the settlement, if possible, to get food for their starving families. After tramping in snow for three days, they found a settler's cabin on the Clackamas, got help, went back, and brought in all the company.

BARLOW'S ROAD.

The summer of 1846, he cut the road through, and the emigrants began to travel it that fall. Our teams found the road some improved in '53, but the awful descent of Laurel Hill, no one can ever forget. Wagons were let down by ropes, and some hitched great trees behind to make sufficient dead lock. Finally, about the middle of September, foot-

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sore and worn out with the long journey of six months over the plains, the train rolled down into the beautiful evergreen Willamette. Turned our weary cattle out to graze, pitched our tents, made temporary homes, and were devoutly thankful to God, who led his ancient people safe to Canaan, for the same miraculous care in leading his pilgrims now, safe home to Oregon.

I must hasten on to speak of scenes around the campfire with the "settlers in the log cabin homes."



INTERLUDE.

(By Request.)

OREGON NOMENCLATURE.

By The Author.



HERE is much in a name. It either paints and colors with the beauties of the rainbow and the melody of music or mars forever with disfiguration. Our commonwealth was christened in romance, veiled in mystery; but exceedingly fortunate in name.

Oregon: Rhythmic as poetry, beautiful as her evergreen forests, brilliant as a sunrise on old Mt. Hood. Its origin will forever remain a mystery, whether it be native Indian, Spanish, or of other language. Thanks to old Jonathan Carver who, one hundred and fifty years ago, met some Indians from beyond the "Shining Mountains," who told him of the "Great River of the West—the Oregon." Our nomenclature, running through the entire geography of the state, is a rather strange mixup; but not strange, since so many nations and tribes of people were mingled in its pioneer history. So far as we have the original Indian names, we are fortunate, but the English attempt to change these was a sad misfit.

Captain Vancouver sailed into Puget Sound in

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1792 and put English names on almost all prominent locations. He named Puget Sound for one of his officers; Mt. Rainier after another, and when he sailed into the Columbia River after Captain Gray's discovery, he came in sight of Mt. Hood and named it for Captain Hood of the British navy, who had never seen the Oregon Country. The Indian name for that mountain was Wyeast. When Lewis and Clark came in 1805, they named it "Jefferson," for President Jefferson, the promoter of their expedition. This was certainly the fact, for the mountain which the English had previously named Hood was the only Oregon snow peak that they saw while on the trip. When the missionaries and early settlers came they transferred the Lewis and Clark name to the next snow peak south, and retained the original "Hood."

The great River of the West was named for Captain Gray's ship of discovery—the Columbia. Snake River was originally named for the Indian tribes living on its upper valley—the "Shoshone." How sadly marred when it was changed. The original Indian name for the site of Portland was Multnomah; of Salem Chemeketa—place of peace. The name of the beautiful and dashing river of Southern Oregon was changed from Rouge to Rogue. But we have still some beautiful Indian names: Molalla—what could be more rhythmic? Yaquina, Tualatin, Clackamas, Umatilla, Malheur,

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Owyhee, Klamath, Walla Walla (meeting of the waters); Chelan (beautiful water), Tacoma (white water), Wallowa (place of rest), and so forth. Our Deschutes was named by the French trappers, as also The Dalles.

We are not sorry that the wonderful mountain, which stands at the head of our valley, retained the English name and this valley, its natural product, took on the same. Its fitness has been acknowledged by the wide world. Here is a valley as grand as the mountain and whose aspirations are as lofty and glorious—wonderful Hood River!



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THE SETTLER.

His echoing ax the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude.
And rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood;
Loud shriek'd the eagle as he dash'd
From out his mossy nest, which crash'd
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping flash'd
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil;
To form that garb, the wild-wood game
Contributed their spoil;
The soul that warm'd that frame, disdain'd
The Tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reign'd
Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur, untrimm'd, unstain'd,
This forest-tamer deck'd.

The paths which wound mid gorgeous trees,
The streams whose bright lips kiss'd their flowers,
The winds that swell'd their harmonies
Through those sun-hidden bowers,
The temple vast—the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
Dark cave and swampy lair;
These scenes and sounds majestic, made
His world, his pleasures, there.

His gaunt hound yell'd, his rifle flash'd,
The grim bear hush'd it's savage growl;
In blood and foam the panther gnash'd
It's fangs with dying howl;

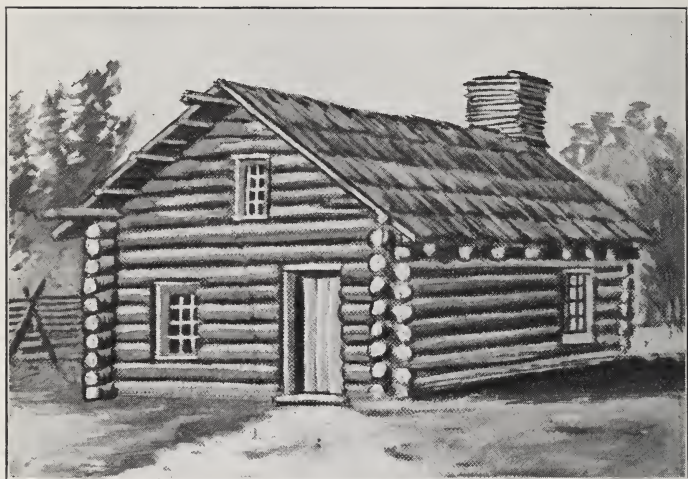
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The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf foe bit the ground;
And with its moaning cry,
The beaver sank beneath the wound,
Its pond-built Venice by.

His roof adorn'd a pleasant spot;
Mid the black logs green glow'd the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not,
Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low—the bleat—the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change.

—STREET.





LOG CABIN HOME—THE SETTLER'S CLAIM
Nesika Klose Illahe

II

WITH THE SETTLERS IN THE LOG CABIN HOMES.

“BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE.”

From the Cascades' frozen gorges
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley
Bright Willamette glides away.

Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

—SIMPSON.

REST CAMP.



THAT beautiful encampment, I shall never forget. A grass covered prairie, sloping toward the Willamette, with the Molalla at our feet, its mountain torrent dashing from the Cascades. This valley, encircled with the groves of Fir and Maple; the warm September weather shining on us. It did seem a veritable land of Eden. O, how we did rest for a few days. And the tired oxen, how they did enjoy it! How they did eat that green Willamette wild grass. Those faithful old oxen—there was old Buck and Dick, father's most

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trusted, always working at the tongue of the wagon, and from Illinois to Oregon were never out of their place when we were traveling. Old Buck, the kind, faithful old friend, how I did love him! I used to go out to see him graze, put my arms around his neck and hug him. He had kicked me down, once on the plains, away back on Bear River, threw me under the wheels of the rolling wagon, which ran over my thigh, with the load upon it; but, thanks to a protecting Providence, it scarcely left a bruise. Still I never held it against old Buck; it just seemed he couldn't do a mean thing. Those weary, hungry cattle seemed as thankful to us, as we were to God, that we had reached the grassy vales of Oregon.

WHERE SHALL WE SETTLE?

That was the first very important question in everybody's mind. The whole land seemed to lie out before us, as Canaan did to Moses, when he viewed it from Pisgah's top. Portland and Oregon City were near by. Portland had about 200 people in it, and Oregon City about five hundred. People talked about the "City at the Falls." All about us lay the beautiful valleys of Clackamas and Marion. Then Salem was a pretentious village, possibly two hundred citizens, and the best school was there, the "Oregon Institute." But

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the large prairie sections were up the valley. Albany prairie would be the homeseeker's eldorado. Then what beautiful lands along the Yamhill and the LaCreol. Eugene had started with good schools, and wonderful reports came concerning the rich land along the Umpqua and Rogue Rivers. Then the rich gold fields of Jacksonville.

It was not an easy matter to decide the question of location. But our people had come for land, and we were not gold seekers. Of the original large train, neighbors from southern Illinois, the Hubbards settled in Polk County. The Zumwalts went across the Calapooia mountains to the Umpqua valley; also the Applegates. McLaughlins settled near Independence, on the Willamette. Thurmans in Linn County. My Uncle George Wells and Father were the last to choose a place. Just then there was much talk of Corvallis, (then called Mary's Ville), becoming the capital of the territory; so when they looked that country over, they concluded to move up there and take their donation claims near by.

THE "DONATION CLAIM."

The "Donation Claim," promise of the government to every settler crossing the plans to Oregon, inspiration and hope to many a weary pilgrim dreamed of by night and day.

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The warm sun shone beautifully over the upper valley of the Willamette, displaying every charm of natural beauty, as one day, my father and uncle drove their teams out west of Corvallis a few miles and into the neighborhood of where Philomath now stands, and there on the foothills of the coast range, was a configuration of landscape, for beauty and home suggestion nowhere to be surpassed. They said, "This is the fulfillment of my vision, this is good enough." My uncle bought a squatter's right to a half section; my father took his a direct gift from the government. There was a small cabin on the one, and uncle's folks moved into it; but our house was growing yet in the trees of the forest about us. And then the echoing ax swung by the settler, nerved by a zeal belonging only to an immigrant, was heard among those forest trees; and soon we built our

PIONEER LOG CABIN HOME.

Ever dear to my heart is the log cabin home,
I love thee, I love thee wherever I roam;
Embowered by forest and lawns of white clover
I'll cherish and love thee forever and ever.

The Coast Range of mountains formed a romantic background; the broad Willamette Valley stretched away to the east and was a veritable garden of wild flowers. Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson and the Twin Sisters were in full view.



MOUNT HOOD

Remnant of time forgotten ! Symbol of years to come—
Standing alone in vastness, mystical, grim and dumb !

I am much indebted to Mr. S. A. Clarke in "Pioneer Days of Oregon" History for these several pictures,
Mt. Hood, Multnomah Falls, Cascade Falls, Whitman Mission and Indian Burial

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It did not take these hardy frontiersmen long to build a cabin. My father's was quite pretentious, twenty feet by thirty feet, and we called it "Home" with a great deal of pride when we moved into it. That log cabin had no floor at first, but had a large fireplace chimney at one end, and Oh! what fires we used to have. Two doors, one on each side, slabs nailed together. When the doors were shut, a large bar was put across each to insure protection. When clinked and then plastered with clay, they were very comfortable houses. It was not a modern mansion, I am sure, all living, sleeping and cooking in one room. We remembered the Illinois home, and we could easily imagine the rooms by marking them off with a stick—the parlor, kitchen, bedrooms, etc.

My mother was forted up in that log cabin during the Cayuse war of 1855-6. Nearly all the able-bodied men had to join the volunteer army and go out to fight the Indians. With five children, the oldest 14, my mother was practically forted up for about half a year. But that log house was a pretty good fort. Between the logs a chink could be removed, and that made a good "port hole" for a rifle, and within its range my mother could have stood off quite a band of Indians. She could shoot the head off of a squirrel. We felt quite safe.

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MEETING PLACE.

Our cabin, being large, was for years the preaching place for the neighborhood. And that fervent preaching, heart stirring singing and Godly worship, warms my whole soul as I recall it to memory.

Simple life? Yes, we lived in nature and off of nature. The emigrant fare was hard for a few months, but soon the berries were growing on the hills and in the wild-woods. Strawberries, blackberries and huckleberries. There was no end to the supply. Trout and salmon filled the streams, and game abounded all through the forests. Aye, what a table mother spread then—enough to satisfy the appetite of even an emigrant boy—good enough for a king.

When the men went to the mountains to kill the bear and elk, the boys remained at home to tend to the garden patches. But the nights belonged to the boys, and a whole neighborhood of them with their hounds, would spend the night coon hunting. And many a coon skin and beaver fur would be nailed to the rear of the cabin.

The Wyatt boys, the Egans, my brothers, Richard and Perry, with myself, and Uncle George Wells and his son, Dick, made up the night hunting posse. Add to the crowd a pack of hounds and you had a merry band. Wild sport? Yes, it hasn't its equal.

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All night, many a night, in September and October. When the coon took to a tree, then the fun came in. A camp fire; some one climbed the tree and shook him out; then the dogs and coon for it. How I used to love that old Uncle, next to my Father. Many a time cousin and I have almost quarreled, as to which had the greater father, he or I. And would always compromise with the agreement that the two men were the greatest characters that the world had produced.

The first decade of Oregon history was this log cabin decade. But it was grand and beautiful and romantic. Out of those log cabin homes, log cabin school houses and log cabin meeting houses came the stalwart men and women of the territory. Those statesmen, teachers and preachers have given character to the whole state. We ought to cherish their memories and thank God for their environment.

For natural freedom, romantic beauty and eden loveliness, give me the log cabin life of the fifties.

Our dress was all back-woods style, if any style at all. Mother made our pants of buckskin, dressed by the Indians, and for shoes we wore the moccasins when we did not go barefoot. Some dressed the elk skins, found that made a good substitute for leather, and of it made shoes. Meeker speaks of shifts of a similar kind in his settlement

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of same date on Puget Sound. I quote a paragraph from him:

“Before the clearings were large we sometimes got pinched for both food and clothing, though I will not say we suffered much for either, though I know of some families at times, who lived on potatoes “straight.” Usually fish could be had in abundance, and considerable game—some bear and plenty of deer. The clothing gave us the most trouble, as but little money came to us for the small quantity of produce we had to spare. I remember one winter, we were at our wits’ end for shoes. We just could not get money to buy shoes enough to go around, but managed to get leather to make each member of the family one pair. We killed a pig to get bristles for the wax-ends, cut the pegs from a green alder log and seasoned them in the oven, and made the lasts out of the same timber. Those shoes were clumsy, to be sure, but they kept our feet dry and warm, and we felt thankful for the comforts vouchsafed to us, and sorry for some neighbors’ children, who had to go barefooted even in quite cold weather.”

A PREDICAMENT.

Speaking of the buckskin pants, reminds me of the preacher who got into a predicament. One day in the rainy fall weather—dressed in the buck-

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skin, he went out hunting and was gone nearly all day. As the breeches grew wet, he would roll them up; they would stretch again, and so the rolling process continued until it seemed he had as much rolled up as he had started with. Wet all over, he came home at night and got in near the chimney fire to warm up. Of course the wet buckskin soon began to dry and contract. And then the heat, almost like steam from a boiling kettle. O, O! he could not bear it, neither could he get his breeches off, so he surely performed the "hop" movement, quite against his will. Said afterwards, "He had never learned to waltz, but he beat the best of them that night."

THE "SIMPLE LIFE."

The simple life was lived out in Oregon, those early years, as surely as it was ever lived in the settlement of Kentucky or Missouri. We did not spin and weave the flax and hemp, but used the furs and skins of the wild animals, and often made the hats of plaited straw, gathered from the fields. Early rising, ambition running to enthusiasm, yielded right returns in healthfulness and rapid home making.

Here is a little poem that fits so perfectly into a description of those times that I cannot refrain from inserting it:

THE PIONEER CAMPFIRE

“The girls took music lessons
Upon the spinning wheel,
And practiced late and early
On spindle swift and reel.
The boy would ride the horse to mill,
A dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before 'twas day,
Some fifty years ago.

The people rode to meeting
In sleds instead of sleighs,
And wagons rode as easy
As buggies nowadays;
And oxen answered well for teams,
Though now they'd be too slow;
For people lived not half so fast
Some fifty years ago.

Ah, well do I remember,
That Wilson's patent stove,
That father bought and paid for
In clothes our girls had wove;
And how the people wondered
When we got the thing to go,
And said 'twould burst and kill us all,
Some fifty years ago.”

—ANONYMOUS.

STALWART PEOPLE.

In that neighborhood, on Mary's River, we found the best of people. Many of those homes sent out stalwart men and women to become a blessing to Oregon. There were the Wyatts, Egans, Masons, Newtons, Mulkeys, Pearsons and some others. Closer in and near the town of Corvallis,

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the Johnsons lived, and Trapps and Stouts and Dixons. In the little town, the pioneer merchants were: Avery, Roberts and Close, and Natt Lane, the son of the first Territorial Governor of Oregon (Joseph Lane), and the father of the present elect United States Senator, Dr. H. Lane. What places of resort those pioneer stores used to be; and those primitive homes. I cannot describe the open-door hospitality of them, the kindness, the jollity, the oneness of neighborhood life, you might always find in them.

They love the land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty.
—HALLECK.

ROMANTIC INCIDENTS.

Wild life—we had an abundance of it. Every boy was taught to hunt the deer, the bear and the elk. The Coast Mountains were filled with the cougar and the panther. One of our neighbors, a man by the name of Wimple, had an experience with a panther from which he never fully recovered. One beautiful autumn day, he took down the double barrel shotgun, and said to his son, John, a lad of above twelve years at that time: “Come, John, thar’s plenty of grouse up along the crick, you kin go along and carry the game.” Half a mile up the

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creek they were looking up into a large maple tree where a grouse was hooting. There on a big limb, fifty feet above them, sat a very large panther. What should they do? The gun was loaded with fine bird shot. That man of giant strength and an experienced pioneer was not apt to get frightened. He said to the boy: "I'll shoot both loads into his head. If I don't kill him and he springs onto me, reload the gun and come up close and shoot." The boy had good nerve, too. When Whimple fired, the shot seemed only to make the panther fighting mad. He leaped to the ground, and the next bound was upon the man, threw his paws upon his shoulders and began to claw and tear. The man always carried a dirk knife—this he drew and slashed it into the creature's side again and again. But he was not a match for his antagonist. By this time the boy had loaded the gun, came close up, put the gun against the panther's heart and fired. In a second he lay dead at their feet. Neighbor Whimple never recovered fully from the awful work that panther did upon his face and breast. I saw him often afterwards.

SETTLERS' EXPERIENCE.

In another neighborhood, there lived a family consisting of husband, wife, daughter of fourteen, and a five-year-old boy. They had made a little

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clearing in a forest, fenced in the acre with a rail fence, and about the center of the ground, built a cabin. The husband was out at work some distance off one afternoon. Mother and daughter at work in the house; little boy playing in the yard. From the nearby woods came a great cougar, jumped the fence and seized that little fellow and was making back toward the fence. The cries of the child called the girl to the door. Instead of being paralyzed with fright, she picked up a hand spike which lay in the yard and overtook the cougar at the fence. She dealt some heavy blows upon that monster's head. The mother had arrived just in time to pick up the child and run away when the cougar dropped it from its jaws. The blows of the club had seemed to daze the animal. He leaped the fence and soon disappeared in the forest. The child only lived a few hours, being badly bitten through the lungs. A friend of mine, a young minister, preached the funeral and buried that little boy the next day.

INDIAN WAR EXPERIENCES.

These are incidents, typical only, of that wild frontier life. Peace among the Indians had continued since the settlement of the Whitman massacre was over. But those "halcyon days" were suddenly brought to an end. In 1855 the Indians

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all along the coast, and especially east of the mountains, went on the war path again. Many a home was broken up, the occupants murdered or driven away to the stockade. All down through Southern Oregon the hostile Indians murdered settlers and burned their homes.

The ninth of October will ever be noted as the bloodiest day in the annals of Indian warfare—that day they aimed to wipe out the whole Rogue River settlement. They had gone well down through when they came to the home of Mr. Harris. Being near noon, Harris was out about the place and was completely surprised. The Indians shot him through the breast. He ran to the house and fell just inside the door. Mrs. Harris barred the door, and then got hold of the guns, a rifle, shotgun and some pistols. Being an expert in their use, she kept those Indians at a safe distance away, and cared for her dying husband and wounded daughter, a girl of twelve years, whom they had shot through a crack in the house. In about an hour the husband died, but the child was not badly hurt. After a battle of several hours the Indians withdrew. Mrs. Harris and her daughter were found and carried up to Jacksonville the next day. No greater heroism was ever displayed in any human history.

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YOUNG HERO.

In all the history of Indian warfare and border daring, I don't know of an incident of greater bravery than that of a boy of twelve years of age, at the time of the defense of the stockade at Seattle late in the fall of 1855. Harry Goodman, with his parents, had settled in the Sound country in the late forties, and was thoroughly drilled in the use of a gun; also used to all the habits and modes of Indian life. All around the Sound the war broke on them like a thunder clap. The white people had not the remotest idea of the threatening storm, and it was only when they heard of the massacreing of men, women and children in several places, and the simultaneous rising of all the tribes throughout the country, that they became alarmed enough to unite in defense. The Goodman family was informed of the approaching danger by a friendly squaw, and the father took immediate steps to protect those under his care by sending the wife and daughter to Seattle, a few miles away, while he and his son remained to guard the house, if possible, or to learn the movements of the foe.

Mr. Goodman's caution had not been exercised too soon, for that very same night a party of painted warriors approached the place; but their presence was detected before they came too close, by the barking of a dog, and, thus warned, both

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father and son ran from the house amid a shower of arrows, and fleeing towards their canoe, launched it in hot haste and were soon beyond reach of their dusky foes. They hurried as fast as they could toward the little hamlet where the remainder of the family had been sent and informed the residents of the coming danger.

Then commenced a hurrying to and fro, and men, women and children were soon engaged in throwing up a fort of clay, and so well did they work that they had, by the next day, constructed a fortification large enough to afford shelter for all. After it was provisioned, all persons capable of handling a rifle, whether men or boys, or even women, were called upon to aid in the defense, as they could expect nothing else than a cruel death if the place was captured.

About noon a large fleet of war canoes was seen approaching from the north, and when they got within rifle range the battle commenced with all the fury that characterizes savage warfare. The besieged were attacked at every point; but, although there were twenty to one against them, they held out bravely, and when night came on the assailants were compelled to retire discomfited, if not defeated.

They had no idea of relinquishing the contest, however, because they knew very well how weak the garrison was, so they only retreated to a neck

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of land half a mile away and beached their canoes there, lit their camp fires, and after eating, commenced their horrifying war dance.

Young Goodman, who had fought as stubbornly as any man during the day, on seeing the position the savages had taken up, formed the daring plan of destroying their fleet; knowing well that if this were once done, they were impotent for further mischief. If caught, he knew that it meant a horrible death for him, but he resolved to try it, nevertheless, and knowing that if he informed any person of his contemplated project, he would not be allowed to undertake it, he kept his intention to himself. Leaving the fort after dark, unobserved by anyone, he marched through the woods, and approaching the Indian encampment, he saw that the warriors were so interested in their war dance that they did not even post sentinels. In fact, so engaged were they in their barbaric ceremonies, that they forgot to replenish the fires, an omission for which he felt very thankful, as the darkness would aid his purpose.

Waiting until near midnight, when he knew the braves would become tired and sleepy, he undressed himself, and tying a few light garments he wore on his head, walked quietly into the sea and swam rapidly until he rounded a point which brought him in sight of the camp. There he halted for a few moments to get his bearings, and breath-

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ing a prayer for help, he drifted slowly downward, so as not to attract attention from a vigilant foe. When he reached the canoes he crawled noiselessly aboard one and partly dressed himself, and then set about his dangerous task in the coolest and most methodical manner possible.

Fortune favored him, as it generally does the brave, for he found that the tide was unusually high and the red men, not having expected this, had only drawn their canoes far enough ashore to prevent their being swept away by the water at the ordinary level. Some had anchored their boats by means of large stones fastened to thick pieces of kelp, which they used for ropes, and these ropes he cut with his hunting knife, a work by no means easy, as they were very tough and rather hard. After he had cut away a dozen without being detected he saw an Indian approaching, evidently to look after the canoes, and he then began to fear that he would be seen; and if caught, he knew, of course, what would be the sequel. He did not lose courage, however, and when the painted savage drew near the very canoe which he had just cut away, he sank so deep in the water that nothing but a portion of his face was visible.

The Indian, after glancing at the canoes and scanning the sea for a few moments, seemed to consider everything safe, for he returned to his howling, jumping companions a short distance

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away, who, confident in their number, felt so secure from attack that they did not even take the precaution to examine the boats.

When the savage had departed the young hero went to work with a will, nor did he rest until all the ropes were cut. As the tide advanced he followed up the work and pulled the beached canoes afloat; and when it turned he pushed them seaward, so that they might be carried away by the ebb; and in this he was so successful that the Indians were left without a boat, in less than three hours from the time he had left the fort. When he had manned the fleet a hundred yards from the shore, he scrambled into the canoe which contained his rifle, and tying another large boat to it, commenced paddling toward the fort; but he had scarcely taken a dozen strokes before a wild and fearful yell was heard on shore, and on looking in that direction he saw by the light of the dawn, the whole body of warriors on the beach, and they were shouting and gesticulating wildly and pointing seaward. Their terror-stricken cries moved him to such daring that he stood up in the canoe and gave a lusty cheer, in which victory and defiance were equally mingled. This was promptly answered by a shower of arrows and a few musket shots, but none touched the young hero, who proudly waved his hat in answer.

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Seeing only one boy amid the fleet, a dozen Indians rushed in the water to try to capture some of the canoes, but young Goodman opened such an effective fire upon them that the survivors were glad to return, as it seemed certain death to go any further. The victor paddled as rapidly as possible toward the fort, leaving the strong tide to take care of the canoes, which would bring them in the same direction. When he reached there and told what he had done, he was cheered by the men, and kissed almost to suffocation by the women.

When the greetings were over some of the men jumped into the canoes and went out to bring in the fleet.

They did not succeed in securing all, but they brought back twenty large canoes, able to hold from ten to twenty persons each.

The Indians, finding their fleet gone, beat a rapid retreat northward through the woods, and did not appear again in that section; so that the daring act of this boy saved many a person from dreadful death. His fame soon spread among white and red men, and while the former paid him all honors, even the latter could "scarce forbear a cheer."

A SETTLER'S PERILS.

The following is the experience of Mrs. M. J. Comstock. She, mainly, tells her own story:

AN INDIAN POW WOW—ON THE WAR PATH



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“At the time myself and husband were living near Winchester, in Douglas County. We had only one child, Mary Lettie, who was two and one-half years old. We were living on a ranch and the nearest family was twelve miles away.

“One day we learned the Indians were out scalp hunting, and soon after news was received of an attack on a family named Wagner, our nearest neighbors. The Indians killed Mr. Wagner, scalped his wife, who later got away alive, with her two little daughters. The children hid away in the brush and escaped. A few days later I was alone in the cabin, feeling safe because we thought the Indians were nowhere around. My husband had gone to Winchester to buy supplies and had left me alone with the baby.

INDIAN RUNS AWAY.

“It was near midday when a big redskin came out of the brush, crossed the clearing, and leaned up against the fence which was only ten feet from my front door.

“I felt mighty uneasy, but knowing I had better look unconcerned, I asked him if he wanted something to eat. He said nothing, and only continued to stare through the open door at the baby, who was lying in a cradle in the middle of the room.

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“There was a mighty good rifle hanging on the wall, and I began to figure out the best way to get hold of it. First I placed a table between the door and my little girl and then I made up my mind to shoot him if he made another move.

“But I finally selected another way out of my trouble. Keeping a careful eye on him all the time, I set the table for four people, and without paying the least attention to the sullen fellow, walked to the front door and yelled ‘dinner.’

“And you ought to have seen the redskin go. He traveled faster than any horse I ever saw, straight for the woods, and disappeared. He had counted the plates, and then ran, thinking, no doubt, that the men were near and would kill him.

“We learned afterwards that the Indian was scouting, for a few days later the tribesmen appeared, and we were compelled to make a run for Mills’ Fort, on the Umpqua River, five miles from our place.

“My husband mounted one horse and I another. I carried the baby because he wanted to be free to handle his gun, if he had to fight. The Umpqua was pretty high and when we came to the ford he rode into the stream below me, and told me to ride carefully and if I fell off he would be able to rescue me.

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HORSE LOSES FOOTING.

“I had a good horse, but he couldn’t hold his footing in the swift stream, and before we got across I had swung off his back and was paddling for all I was worth with one hand, holding the baby on his back with the other. But we got across safely and reached the fort without encountering any further trouble.

“We were compelled to remain at the fort six weeks while the soldiers ran the Indians out of the country, and then returned to our ranch and lived there for two more years. But after my experience I was never easy; and after my little girl died there, I didn’t want to stay any longer, and we moved back north, and took our residence at Claramont, four miles north of Portland, on the Willamette.”

Mrs. Comstock was born in Morgan County, Missouri. In 1845, when she was a little girl, her family crossed the plains by ox team over the old Oregon trail, and settled on the Tualatin plains. Her little ranch is a part of the original homestead.

“In those days,” she said, “money was about the rarest thing in the country. A man worked for so many bushels of potatoes, a sheep or horse, instead of silver and gold. Linnton was the stopping place for the emigrant trains, and Portland was nothing. It was not even thought of. Oregon

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City and Vancouver were the only 'cities' in this vicinity."

A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

The following account of a Fourth of July celebration amongst the Indians in Southern Oregon, is delightfully told by Chas. E. Newell.

"A mining camp had been turned into a saw-mill town. Great prosperity was dawning upon them, and in view of the nearness of the Fourth of July, it was deemed appropriate to make this the occasion for a befitting demonstration of gratitude, both for past and present deliverance.

"With that enthusiasm so characteristic of the Western argonaut, elaborate preparations were made to make the 'National Bird' dilate his vocal organs.

"There was to be a salvo at sun-up, from the village anvil, followed by a parade in the forenoon, headed by 'Ike Finn' with his fiddle, and the Tomkey brothers, each with a snare drum and fife, including the volunteer fire bucket brigade with bright red shirts, and a cart with a dry goods box throne tastefully draped, whereon should repose a diaphanous Goddess of Liberty. Lank Peters—arrayed as Uncle Sam—was to read the Declaration of Independence after the procession arrived at the school house, which had been decorated with evergreens and flags.

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“The afternoon was to be given over to games and contests for both old and young. In the evening there was to be a grand (pine) torchlight procession ending at the school house, where the inspiring strains of ‘Old Dan Tucker,’ ‘Sugar in the Corn,’ etc., at the hands of the inimitable Ike Finn, should invite terpsichorean revelry until midnight, when the day’s festivities were to close befittingly with a grand banquet served on long improvised tables against the sides of the school house.

“These preparations—the luscious pies, the frosted cakes, the bakings and boilings and the discussion of liquid refreshments—were viewed by old ‘Sand-in-His-Eyes’ and his band of dirty Si-washes—who loafed about the town—with Indian stoicism, but with heaven only knows how much inward turbulence of spirit.

“The Indians—near two hundred—lived at a rancheria about three miles from Wilcut, and had never been known to be hostile to the settlers, coming and going at will, and were looked upon much as a village dog; sometimes employed doing chores or other light work, the compensation for which being quickly exchanged for something stronger than water.

“Whether the outbreak was a thirsty yearning, inspired by these anticipatory demonstrations, or the cropping out of the warlike instincts of their forefathers, will never be rightly interpreted.

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However, a few days preceding the Fourth, old 'Sand-in-His-Eyes,' the tribe's medicine man, and several other 'high muck-a-mucks' went into executive session, resulting in much bonfires, dancing, howling, and savage adornment of person, and inflammatory addresses by insidious spellbinders.

"Rumors of the bellicose doings of the despised aboriginee disturbed the good citizens of Wilcut not any, who complacently carried out their program as arranged, up to the scheduled 'revelry by night.' In the midst of resounding boot heels, laughter, and grand right and left, there burst in among them an excited messenger with the tidings that the Indians had broken out and were headed that way, bent on a general massacre.

"Lank Peters rose to the occasion, also to a table, where, like an ancient Rienzi, he quelled the rising confusion.

" 'Ladies and Gents,' said he. 'These varmints think they're goin' to take us onawares, and this is the fust point they will attack; they'll come right in here, an' I'll fix 'em. You men, scatter fer yer shootin' irons. You wimmin, take to the brush with yer infants. I'll do the rest.'

"Without further words, he dashed out the door, mounted a cayuse, and started on a furious gallop toward town. When he returned about ten minutes later all was quiet, not a soul was to be

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seen, which told him that his instructions had been obeyed.

“Carefully holding an armful of packages, he ran into the building, which was still bright from the many burning candles. Just as the woods were echoing with war whoops, he reappeared with a grin on his face, and with a muttered, ‘I reckon that’ll fix ’em,’ slid into the dense shadows of the trees.

“However much the Indians marveled at their easy capture, and whatever of disappointment or chagrin they felt in their failure of wholesale extermination, their feelings were in a measure compensated by the sight that met their gaze when they crowded into the deserted school house.

“On each side was ranged rough tables, laden with everything dear to the human palate, from pie and cake to roast turkey and chicken. But what was more to the taste of the thirsty warriors, was the ostentatious display of several gallon demijohns and numerous black bottles distributed over the banquet boards.

“Thus whetted, the appetites of these primeval men chafed with impatience the signal of their chief, who, after gravely inspecting the contents of one of the bottles, finally gave the delayed sign for the orgie to begin.

“The chief—perhaps because of his long interview with the black bottle—was the first to pause

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in his gastronomic exercises. In the act of raising a succulent morsel of turkey to his mouth, his eyes suddenly took on a far-away look and his mouth twitched convulsively.

“Perhaps in that moment of introspection something in his inner being said to him that he had not been a good Indian. At least something mighty stirred within him, as he gave a spasmodic leap into the air, and with a yell that would have put a steam calliope out of commission, broke for the door and disappeared into the night.

“It was only a matter of a minute or so more until the whole band of conscience-stricken Si-washes blazed a wide trail from there to the rancheria; nor did they stop until they had removed a hundred miles further from temptation. And it was many years before an Indian could be persuaded to come within ten miles of Wilcut.

“But Lank Peters—with a wisdom gathered from close observation—disagrees emphatically in the general belief that ‘the only way to make a good Indian is to kill him.’

“Just give him a good stiff dose of ipecac,” says he.”

THE COUNTRY COURTS.

The country courts were the most unique affairs, in all the pioneer history—that is, as pertaining to the civil life. I will speak of the first

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judicial organization, a little further on. In the first decade of Oregon history there was no such thing as criminal restraint; there were no crimes committed. The pioneer settler was busy making the home and building a civil commonwealth—needed no restraints of law—save the law of God, and the court of man's conscience. But at the later dates we found a few dignitaries called, by those early settlers, "Squires." The case for arbitration was taken into the "court of Squire A, or Squire B." In one of the neighborhoods there were two men living on adjoining claims. There was a little misunderstanding. It waxed warmer until they came to blows; at least one struck the other some very hard blows. Then Davidson walked three miles to secure a warrant for the arrest of his neighbor, named Meacham, for assault and battery. To save the constable a six-mile trip, the defendant walked with the plaintiff. They encountered his honor just leaving his house with his gun on his shoulder, and Davidson halted him with:

"Squire, I want a warrant for this man for striking me."

"I'm in an awful hurry," said the squire. "Come tomorrow."

"So'm I in a hurry, and I'm going to have a raising tomorrow."

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"Meacham, did you hit him?" asked the justice.

"Yes."

"Davidson, did you strike first?"

"No."

"Meacham, had you rather work for Davidson three days than go to jail?"

"I guess so," answered Meacham.

"And will that satisfy you, Davidson?"

"Yes."

"Then make tracks for home and don't bother me another minute; my son has just come in with the news that an old bear and three cubs are up the same tree down at the edge of the slashing, and I'm going to have some bear meat if it upsets the supreme bench of Oregon. Court stands adjourned at present."

NEIGHBORHOOD POLITICS.

What times of talk about the aspirants for governorship; and who should represent the "furren country called Oregon," in next Congress. These inaugurated great campaigns. Sometimes those were times of set debate, quite remarkable. The political discussion of a campaign in Oregon, at times at least, was fully equal to that of any other state. Ability in forensic debate, was often displayed. In the fifties speeches of Delazon

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Smith, J. W. Nesmith, J. S. Smith, Dave Logan and G. H. Williams were unsurpassed. And in some communities we had some splendid local talent. There was Major Magone, in the "hardscrabble" country. I have heard him when his eloquence was really marvelous. Ralph Geer of the Waldo Hills was a strong man "on the stump," and Hayden of Polk County was "a power" at times.

On the Abaqua River, in Marion County, lived "Uncle Sam" Allen—everybody knew him. He settled there in 1850, and was a great leader in all public movements. A really unique character—very limited in education, but well endowed with intelligence.

One year there arose a party in Marion County, called "Independents," nominated a full ticket, and made a spirited canvass. "Uncle Sam" Allen was nominated on that "ticket" for the Legislature. His Republican opponent, Ralph Geer, was passing his home one day, and seeing "Uncle Sam" out in the yard, said: "Good morning, Mr. Allen; they tell me that you are running for representative from this county." Uncle Sam's usual loud laugh followed. Then he said: "Why, I am not fit to represent a chicken house." A few days later they were at Silverton, speaking on the campaign. Geer spoke first—said finally: "Here's my opponent, Mr. Allen; he told me the other day

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in his own door yard, that he was not fit to represent a chicken house." Of course the laugh went around. Then Allen's time came—well in his speech he referred to what Geer had said. "And, now, fellow citizens, the difference between myself and Mr. Geer is, that while I am not fit to represent a hen house, Mr. Geer is just fit for that, and nothing more." Sparkling wit—native good humor—open door hospitality, were always present with that old neighbor.

OUR PIONEER SCHOOL DAYS.

My mother, Mrs. Mary A. Kennedy, taught the first school in the Mary's River country, a large part of Benton County, and in 1854, that school was taught in an old log cabin, standing on a beautiful oak hill, built to hold a settler's claim. It had no floor but the earth. No seats but the flat side of a split log. No desks. No place for fire, except in the rude stone chimney, built at one end of the cabin. No windows, save the opening in absence of a log at one side. Our text books were those used in Illinois and Missouri, and crossed the plains with us. The Webster spellers, the McGuffey's readers and Pike's arithmetic. Sometimes one book served for two or three students. To that initial institute, came the whole community of young emigrants. "We children" all went with mother to school.

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If anything was lacking in that school, it certainly wasn't order, hard work or study. Lessons were learned. Out of that backwoods school came two young men, leading preachers of Oregon, and another a lawyer.

This was a remarkable seed planting. The harvest—moral and intellectual—was as true to the planting, as in the natural fields. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Here was the initial intellectual and moral seed sowing. That primal work was clear, radical, Godly. It bore a harvest of blessings for the coming years. Not long after the opening of that log cabin "institute" the people of the community desired the planting of a school of college grade. That call was answered by the selection of Philomath, and the opening of Philomath College. It has already done great work for Oregon. Has graduated some of our strongest and best men and women. Professor J. B. Horner, was one of its first. He has made a fine record as one of the leading educators of the State, and now holds place as Professor of History and Political Science in the State Agricultural College.

My old schoolmate, J. C. Leasure, was one of its graduates, and remarkably brilliant as a lawyer, in his time. The harvest continues. "And the sower and the reaper shall rejoice together."

Two years later our school was transferred to

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the Newton district, and a man by the name of Newcomb taught. My brother, Richard, and myself attended that school the winter of 1856. Brother was twelve years old and I was nine. We had each our first pair of shoes, and walked that three miles every day, morning and evening, proud to wear shoes, which some could not afford. We had to start at daylight, and often arrived home after dark; the rain, mud and slush, did not seem the least embarrassment.

At that school there were J. W. Johnson and his brothers. The many years of Professor J. W. Johnson, president of the State University, is too well known to need a word from my pen. His brother, Calvin, became my teacher the summer following. In old age, he now lives in the Payette Valley, Idaho, long a resident there. There were the Shipley boys. William became a prominent physician. There were the Grubbs boys, Frank and Cloud. The former was a prominent teacher for many years in Oregon. His brother, Cloud, was a very intelligent young man, had a very serious war career; studied medicine in the East and returned to practice in Oregon. There was Andrew Brown, afterward a school teacher. The Egan boys—the older became a lawyer and at times taught school. The Wyatt boys and girls—Ezra Wyatt became a prominent minister, and was thrown from a horse and killed a few years

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ago, while out on his official rounds. The Newton boys, the Trapp boys, the Pearson girls and some others, became prominent in various lines of life. Where was there another neighborhood that radiated larger or better influence to affect the commonwealth of Oregon?

In the passing fifty years, I have met those old schoolmates, up and down the Coast and in my ministry, all over Oregon, and it is more than a treat to talk over the experiences of those terms of school in the Newton School House, on the Oak ridge, in Benton County. From that school all the neighborhood around got the spirit of the spelling school, the debating society, and some organized literary societies, and other associations.

THE SPELLING SCHOOL.

Oh! those spelling schools, those old spelling matches! It does me good to write about them. Another has written of them in a manner beautiful, and I am delighted to give a few sentences:

“The spelling school was held once a week at the school house, and to it old and young were welcome. The youngsters and gray-haired granddaddy competed, using the same speller. Thus many became so proficient that there was not a word in the old ‘Elementary Speller’ that they could not spell correctly.

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“There were innocent flirtations from bashful boys and winsome, coy, little maidens, that sometimes ripened into affection, and ‘Pa and Ma,’ in after years, would tell the children of how they used to go to spelling schools”

THE DEBATE.

The weekly debating society was a more pretentious and ambitious institution. The participants were the half-grown boys and the men of the neighborhood, who organized with a ponderous constitution and by-laws, and under these fought out many a forensic battle over questions that have puzzled the minds of sages, and are still unsettled.

The question to be debated on any night was selected by a standing committee on the night of the preceding meeting, so that all might have an opportunity to prepare for the debate.

Among the members of these societies were many who were in deadly earnest, had deep-seated ambitions to profit by their opportunity, and studied during the week, after a day in the field, history, rhetoric, logic and kindred wisdom. The history of the State subsequently, in the records of the Legislature and the Courts, had names of bold, brilliant men, whose first efforts were in the country debating society. This record is not

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peculiar to early Oregon life, but is a national one, for the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States have been thrilled by lofty ideals and beauty of speech acquired by the orator in some backwoods debating society. The influence of these societies upon the rural communities was substantially good. Social relations of families were established, courtesy polished crudeness of manner, and the kindly but awkward lad was made familiar with the usages of society. That this last result was possible may seem strange, but not when it is known that in almost every society there were men who were scholars and refined gentlemen, who did not regard it beneath their dignity to participate in these deliberations. Such models of demeanor to the rustic youth he studied and copied. The contests were often spirited but were always in good humor, and we can not recall a single instance, where in the surge and grapple of the battle, rude speech ever marred the temper of the debater.

FIRST SPEECH.

The occasion of my first speech in debate was somewhat like this: I had grown to twelve years old, and had ambition in a literary way. We had chosen for the question, "Which had the greater right to complain of the treatment of the whites,

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the negroes or the Indians?" I was chosen on the negroes' side. I was sure that I could tell of the crimes of slavery, etc. I studied hard all week on my speech. Then I studied the manner, as I saw the others come onto the floor, and salute the president, the ladies and gentlemen. When nearly all had spoken, my name was called, and I came onto that floor before that large audience to make my first extemporaneous speech. A life time rushed into a moment. I had studied well the salutation. "Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen." O, wait, my speech was gone. I began again, hoping for a return of the speech: "Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen." I looked every way for the speech, then went back over the "bow," and addressed again: "Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I once had a good speech, but its gone from me—perhaps some of you have it—if so you can get up here and make it." That speech has stayed green in my memory. For ornate preparation, for perspicuity of style, for model in brevity, and for polite and respectful recognition of presiding dignity and the courteous audience of ladies and gentlemen, perhaps I have never done the equal since. I am certain that the consensus of history is that these lyceums produced a nobler statesmanship, a higher order or patriotism than any other educational influence. What state can boast of nobler representatives in Congress! Since

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the purely pioneer times, nearly all of these were Oregon educated—many of them Native Sons, self-made—well, at least, products of the Log School House and Pioneer debate.

On the scroll of fame we are proud to read the names: M. C. George, Thomas H. Tongue, Lafayette Lane, W. C. Hawley, Malcom Moody, N. J. Sinnott, Senator Dr. H. Lane, T. T. Geer and George L. Woods. I have heard “Uncle Billy” Adams tell of how he taught Governor George L. Woods his elementaries in the primitive school house, somewhere in Yamhill County. Others, with just as high aspirations: R. A. Miller, W. A. Carter, C. A. Johns.

A MOVE.

In 1857 my father bought a farm in Marion County, and in the neighborhood called Belpassi. We moved down there in June, 1858. This was one of the choice communities of Oregon. For a country district—advanced educational privileges and religious organizations, I do not know its equal. There was a Presbyterian church built soon after; two-story, upper part for school purposes. Finally developed into Belpassi Academy, and was taught by Professor E. P. Henderson of Eugene. A great many young men and women from other communities gathered there for education.

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We found a neighborhood of the best of Oregon's people, from the standpoint of culture, energy of habit and hospitality. There were the Johnsons (the family of Rev. Neill Johnson, who had crossed the plains from Illinois in 1851, and had taken a homestead here, of whom I shall speak at greater length). There were the Engles, the Browns, the Bonneys, the Allens, the Halls, the Settlemires, and many others most worthy of mention, real home builders, foundation-workers, for social, educational and church life.

My Uncle Wells moved at the same time into the neighborhood below, and where the town of Hubbard now stands. That settlement contained the Hubbards, the Dimmicks (Moore, George and John), the Daytons and Bonneys.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

At Belpassi we organized the "Washington Literary Society." This society had a large library—one of the largest in Oregon at that time. It had for its main purpose the cultivation of speech in debate and declaration, and the diffusion of general intelligence. Its influence can not be over-estimated. That society was a real dynamo of literary inspiration. It went beyond anything like local questions. When Brown and Engle and Jackson, Darst, Snoden and William

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Ramsey, the teacher, were to debate, other neighborhoods came in to hear. There was a quartette or more of younger men, who were considered the most eloquent debaters and declaimers anywhere to be found among the young men of Oregon. There were J. H. Johnson, E. M. Engle, M. Gleason, A. F. Steward. They made a reputation which extended far beyond their own community.

THOSE WAR QUESTIONS.

A discussion would run for half the night on the question: "Do the signs of the times indicate the downfall of the Union of the States?" When the question was lighter, the sides would taper off with "us boys," as we called ourselves.

We always celebrated the event of Washington's birthday. The twenty-second of February in that community was a great occasion. At one time the oration was delivered by Hon. George H. Williams, Senator for Oregon at that time. That was a great speech. Rev. Thomas H. Pearne came at another time and made a war oration, such as was never surpassed in that part of the state. "Major" Magone, speaking about the Washington Literary Society to me long years after, said that from its membership there went forth more noble men into the affairs of the State, especially the professions, than from any other like

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number that he had taken account of in Oregon. He, himself, was called the "Cicero" of that society.

Yes, these were war times; and the "Union spirit," or the reverse, was in the very air. The people lived right in it, even here in Oregon. We had great "Union Meetings." People came from far and near to attend a Flag Pole Raising. The oration was delivered by some prominent orator of the day, then the flag pole was raised; and when all was ready, the old "Stars and Stripes" was raised by the three oldest men in the community. "Three cheers for the flag and the Union!" Then, often the boys met at night, raised their liberty pole, and sent up the flag. Then the cheering was all our own, around the flag and the camp fire.

THE WAR SPIRIT.

The war spirit was great. Patriotism ran as high in Oregon as in any other state; and yet, no regiments went from this state to the war: the government did not ask for them. A few young men volunteered—went East at their own expense, and joined the army.

John Eberhard should be remembered as a notable example. He lived in the Hubbard neighborhood. He was a strong, intelligent young man, beloved by the whole community and intensely pa-

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triotic. Having business East in '61, he joined the Union army in Pennsylvania, and was ready for that awfully sanguinary battle of Antietam—summer of '62—and was killed on that battlefield. The memorial service held for him at Hubbard that fall was a remarkable occasion of mingled sorrow, eulogy and patriotic flow. Thus Oregon was represented in the war, and the names of some of her sons added to the heroic list of our nation's defenders.

THE OTHER SIDE.

We had some neighbors who were Southern sympathizers. We called them harder names than that later on. One eccentric old Virginian used to come often to Father's blacksmith shop. I used to listen to his talk with disgust and amusement, at the same time. He would say: "I think, sah, the South will whip the North; shore they've got a just cause, sah! The God of heaven decreed that the blackman should sarve the white man, sah. The North is just fitin' to sot the nigger free, sah."

CHARACTERISTICS.

Then when the Emancipation Proclamation came out, his rage knew no bounds. "No, Mr. Kennedy, that black abolition President has ruined the hul kintry; old Abe Linkern had no right to sot the niggers free, sah. He was plum outer his spear—he was, sah."

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Among the pioneers hospitality was the chief characteristic, one held in common. Then frontier hardihood and daring was the next most prominent trait. Still, each had his personalities. Rare personal qualities marked men, as not often now. Sometimes it was called eccentricity. One of our old neighbors was quite lacking in education but had conceit enough to make up the loss. He was a great talker and often used "big words," whether he knew the meaning or not. One day the women had the neighbors there "quilting" and several of them were in. His was a hilly and brushy "claim" and not much cleared yet. And this man of language said: "My friends, you know my farm is quite mountaintaneous and somewhat brakish, but when Squire ——— gets his saw mill in Alegation I'll be able to entertain my friends in a more hostile manner."

ORATION.

In 1860—on the Fourth of July, in Salem—I heard the great oration of Colonel E. D. Baker. The war was just breaking on the country. He was expected to be elected next Senator in Congress from Oregon. He was at his best. That was truly one of his greatest orations. Such clear insight of American history; such flights of oratory; such patriotic convictions. The great audience

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was at his command, and it seemed that everybody in the State was there. Before he was half through the speech, the whole audience was standing, bending forward to hear each word, and no one knew when or how he got to his feet. I have since heard some great orations—East and West—by men of world reputations, but I never saw the whole mass lifted and swayed like that. Baker, the Henry Clay of the West. How sad the day for Oregon when he fell, though mantled in glory, on the fateful field of Balls Bluff.

In 1862 we had a great celebration on the Fourth at the Dimmick, what is now Hubbard Station. Hon. J. G. Wilson delivered the oration. There again, was a great speech, eloquent, patriotic, masterful. The spirit of the war was burning in the hearts of the people, and on these natal anniversary days the orator seemed to have sat in the councils of the Colonies, marched with Washington to Trenton, Monmouth and York Town; to come up to the times of Lincoln and the war, and then out to the common people to inspire patriotism, with more than mortal eloquence. Baker was gifted with great flights of oratory. Williams was logical and forceful, powerful because convincing. Wilson resembled both—was the polished orator and the logical debator wherever you heard him.

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COLLEGE TIMES.

I had my college years at Forest Grove—"Pacific University," Willamette was nearer home, but Pacific had the name of being more scholarly, and better equipped. But the main reason, probably was, that my friends, Thomas H. Tongue and Charley Hall, were there, and invited me to join them and keep bachelors' hall. This I did by taking a load of provisions from home and turning in with them to batch it through the year 1866-7.

BACHELORS' HALL.

Yes, a shanty—inch wall—rough plank house, 12x16, and stoop 8x10 to cook in. Sleeping, eating and studying all done there.

But all these were done well, no dodging good lessons, no lack of appetite and plenty to satisfy it. And O, how we young fellows did sleep. The faculty were strong men. Professor S. H. Marsh had a wide reputation as a college teacher and builder. His brother, Professor Jo Marsh, is a master on all lines. Professor Collier has long been in the State University, though he spent the decade of the sixties at Forest Grove. There was also Dr. Lyman, beloved by all, and Professor Harpending—linguist. He started me in Latin and Greek. To be under the tutorage of those learned and good men was an inspiration, and the students at Pa-

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cific felt it. Strong men and women have gone forth from that institution. H. W. Scott, the Greeley of the West; J. Q. A. Bowlby, Myron Eells, Ed Watson, Elkanah Walker, Thomas H. Tongue, C. C. Hall and the Stott boys. Cyrus H. Walker had been in the school but had passed out the year before. He had held, and still holds notoriety in several respects. He was the first white male child born on this Coast. Born at Whitman Mission, December 7th, 1838. Two other children had been born the year before, and one the same year, in summer. First was the Dr. and Mrs. Whitman babe; next, born to Dr. and Mrs. White at Salem, and third, the Lee babe, born to Jason Lee and wife at Salem, in June, 1838. The latter died within a few hours, and both the former were drowned in their infancy. Mr. Cyrus Walker is a citizen of Albany, and chaplain of the State Grange.

In school at that time, besides some already mentioned, were George Atkinson, M. O. Lownsdale, the Walker boys, the Raffertys, the Hoover boys and girls, Luce, Stewart boys, and Misses Georgia Brown and Candice Neal. These limits forbid my mentioning all. Inspiring days, formative days, growthsome days, gladsome days!

PLENTY OF FUN ALSO.

Hall and Rice and I went hunting one Satur-

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day. We walked about the foothills, up into the groves of fir and oak, hunting grouse; and then toward evening were pointing homeward, and rounding a little lake in the woods, here we saw three fine ducks swimming just a gun shot from the shore. All shot at once, each took his duck, and all the ducks lay dead on the surface of the water. Charley pulled his boots, rolled up his pants, and waded out, and soon we were marching home, proud of our game. O, what a dinner we bachelors did have on baked duck next day. But here comes the fun: Monday morning came, just before school time, riding up before our shanty, came a country gentleman. "Do you know of any of the students being out hunting on Saturday?" was his question to me. "Yes, sir," I reported the other two young men, one of whom was listening just in the house. I always find it best on such occasions to stand a little off, if possible; you can dodge better. "Well, those young men killed my three tame ducks—fine stock—yes, sir; they killed my ducks, and now, sir, if they don't pay the full value of the ducks, I'll bring them before a magistrate." "Well, we are in for it, Charley," I said. "And now what do you want, as a price, my friend? I will see that the young men pay you in full for your ducks." "Pay me one dollar apiece, and I'll let you off this time, but don't come gunning about my farm again or you'll not get off like

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this." Of course we paid our dollar each, and glad to settle the matter. "What a set of blind idiots," Tongue said. "I saw their wings had been clipped, but I didn't say anything." Well the laugh was hard on us. Even today fellow students of those days tell the story, and we'll never hear the last of it.

LYCEUM.

Here we had the "Gama Sigma Society" for debate and rhetorical drills. Almost all the students belonged to it, and most of them took part in the discussions. Citizens of the town would sometimes attend, and at times speak when called upon. H. W. Scott (Editor of the Oregonian), in his great address at the "Semi-centennial" of Pacific University, a few years ago, made some interesting references to that society, and its debates. I quote a paragraph:

"Milton Tuttle was always there. He was almost the oracle of the place, in secular and political affairs, and moreover was the Justice of the Peace. He always took part, as, usually, did Samuel Hughes, the village blacksmith. I will not deny that for his logomachy I also supplied some weapons. Some people were good enough to say that sometime I would be sent to Congress. Mine, alas, was a case of arrested development, for I never have cultivated oratory since those

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days. One of our sonorous and impressive speakers was A. L. Johnson—known always as Logan Johnson. He was a word-builder. But at times he became so intent on the effect that he forgot his theme. In a debate one night he deemed it necessary to pass an elaborate encomium on the Father of His Country. ‘Mr. President,’ said he, ‘George Washington stands in our history as the example of highest patriotism. He is our one incomparable man. In a celebrated eulogy, pronounced at the time of his death, it was said that he was first in war, first in peace, and first in ——’ Here the orator lost the thread, and went back to pick it up. ‘Mr. President, George Washington, I repeat, was first in war, first in peace, and first in—first in—Mr. President, he was first in everything, a’most.’ That seemed to settle it; did settle it, and the judgment was given for George Washington.”

In those days we played few pranks. Life was much too serious. Our thoughts were intent on work, food, shelter and duty. But, of course, there was social life. And in those days, as now, there was rivalry for the favor of the fair; and then, as now, there were Orlandos who went about these groves hanging verses on boughs and carving names on the trees. The poetry of earth is never dead.

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A COUNTRY WALK.

I have spoken of Professor Harpending—linguist—just from the East. He was a very eccentric man. He knew books, but outside his library, was a very unpractical man. One day he took a “long walk” into the country. When he had covered a magnificent distance, and about a mile from town limits, he suddenly awoke to the fact that he was in the country; he had never been there before, everything was new to him. He must retrace his steps. But the town was just out of sight, behind a hill. Roads were leading in all directions. He was bewildered. Then, soon came along an old farmer with a load of produce. Hailing him, he told him his predicament. Told him he was not used to long walks, especially in the open forest and wild landscape of Oregon. The farmer kindly gave him a ride back to town, for which he received as a reward, a superfluity of thanks, and rhetorical acknowledgments from the professor.

ON HORSE BACK.

One Saturday Professor Harpending concluded to carry out a sometime treasured plan, to have a horseback ride. Portland was twenty-five miles away. He thought he could make that distance, for he had heard that people often made the round trip in a day.

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He hired the best saddle horse in the livery stable, told his purpose was to be gone two days. We boys gathered, by accident, to see the fun. The professor was a short man, stirrups had to be taken up full four inches. He had prepared to become a full fledged western horse rider that day, so had put on the spur and leggings. When seated in the saddle, rein in hand, the horse moved quickly off, and down the road (though perfectly gentle). But, O, the ups and downs, the ins and outs, that became a new experience to that college man from Yale! His feet flew out the stirrups. Holding to the horn of the saddle with one hand, he pulled the horse backward and commanded him to stop. Of course the good horse stopped. Professor adjusted his feet again, and then said, "Now, horse, please go forward gently." Off down the road he went, bounding in the saddle, till you could see daylight between him and the seat. He would bend forward, jerk the horse backward, and stop the poor creature. Then he would get his feet back into the stirrups again, and venture to start again. He had traveled about one-half mile, when suddenly the horse came to a dead standstill. Professor H. dismounted, and proceeded to lead the horse slowly back along the highway. Came up to a crowd of the boys who had followed on, full half way, favored spectators of the scene. "Here," said he, "take this horse

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back to the stable for me, young gentlemen; I will immediately go to my library. I have always admired the noble equine; have expected to become a skilled equestrian; but am doomed to the pedestrian's life henceforth. I have learned much of wisdom in the past few moments. If I were a fish, I would be content with the water; a sailor, would stay by my ship; being a professor of language, I will be satisfied with my studies and my classes."

GRADUATES.

Thomas H. Tongue graduated in 1868. At that commencement the class was Tongue and Hall. Each took his place with high honor. Tongue studied law at Hillsboro, and during all his law practice had his home there. He had political aspirations and soon was a leading figure in the Republican party. His ambitions were co-equal, and these brought him to the front. In 1896 he was a candidate for Congress, and elected. Never did Oregon have a better representative, hard working, clear sighted, obliging—an orator in speech and a logician in argument. He made a great speech in Congress on the "Government for the Philippines." His last sentence was characteristic of the speech and of the man:

"Our national opportunity is here; it is at our very doors; it is knocking at our gate; it is upon

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the threshold of the Capital; it is the hour of our fate. Let us awake, arise before it turns away, open wide our portals, welcome the coming guest, and follow the paths in which it leads, lest it pass by to 'return no more.' "

He served two full terms, but his health broke at the beginning of the third term. Suddenly, as a knell, Oregon was startled with the news: "Hon. Thomas H. Tongue, representative in Congress from Oregon, has just died at his rooms in Washington City, about noon on January 12th, 1903."

At the special services in the House of Representatives, Washington, Sunday, February 22d, 1903, in commemoration of the life and character of the late Representative Thomas H. Tongue, of the First Oregon Congressional District, Hon. Theodore E. Burton, chairman of the river and harbor committee, spoke in part as follows:

"No death was more sudden or unexpected than that of Thomas H. Tongue. In the evening he was conversing pleasantly with his son and daughter. On the morrow he was cold in death. Swiftly following, constant messages of love and of hope to his father and mother, his wife and children on the far-off Pacific Coast, came the telegraphic messages, like a black cloud in the clear sky, announcing his death."

His life was essentially that of a pioneer. He went to Oregon before its admission as a state,

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twelve years before a railroad had been constructed within its borders, at a time when that great commonwealth, now numbering more than 400,000 people, had less than 50,000 inhabitants; when Portland, now a prosperous and growing metropolis, was little more than a struggling village.

His early surroundings inured him to toil and adversity. There was no royal road to success in any promise that was held out to him; but the very obstacles with which he had to contend stimulated those mighty hopes that make men great.

Representative Roswell P. Bishop, of Ohio, member of the river and harbor committee, gave the following account of Mr. Tongue's last homecoming:

"It was my sad duty as one of the members of the committee to accompany his remains from the City of Washington to their last resting place, in the State he so dearly loved.

"The love and veneration in which he was held was most amply testified to by the people of the entire state as soon as we had entered within its borders. Every town and hamlet contributed its entire quota of citizens, who stood along the track with bowed and uncovered heads and with sad faces to watch the passing of our train, bearing all that was left of the friend they loved and the statesman they had lost.

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“In his own town, on the day of the funeral, thousands gathered from all parts of the State. The Governor, all of the State officers, both branches of the Legislature, the Supreme Court, and the Judges of the various courts, together with other distinguished citizens of the State, were all there to testify to their love and esteem and their realization of their bereavement. As many as could gathered in the little church which he made his Christian home almost from boyhood, while the sorrowing multitude stood along the street on the outside, heedless of the inclement weather, anxious only to show how keenly they felt the loss of their friend and their Representative.”

TOUCHING SCENES IN THE CHURCH.

Inside the little church, amidst a wealth of flowers, the old pastor, with trembling voice and faltering words, spoke but the echo of all who had known Mr. Tongue during his lifetime. It was a touching scene, and one might well say that thrice blest is the man who can thus live in a community and thus die, retaining always the respect, love and esteem of all.

We followed him to his last resting place in the little grove of pine trees outside of town and consigned him to mother earth in the Valley of the Willamette, whose very soil he had enriched by

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his toil among the people who had watched his growth from boyhood; who had rejoiced with his success, and who had sorrowed with his family at the loss of their friend.

The path he had trod from his young manhood to the last hour of his life, was not one of ease and worldly pleasure. He courted contact with the stern realities and matched his great abilities, his sturdy will and tireless endeavor against the obstacles that might appall one less reliant. But all along that pathway are planted the flowers of friendship, of kindly and generous deeds, which have given out their sweet perfume to bless and gladden the lives of others, and which will continue to grow and shed their fragrance in the years to come.

Thus fell my true heart friend, and one of the noblest sons of Oregon: "In pace quiescat."

The story of those pioneer homes and school days never can fully be told.

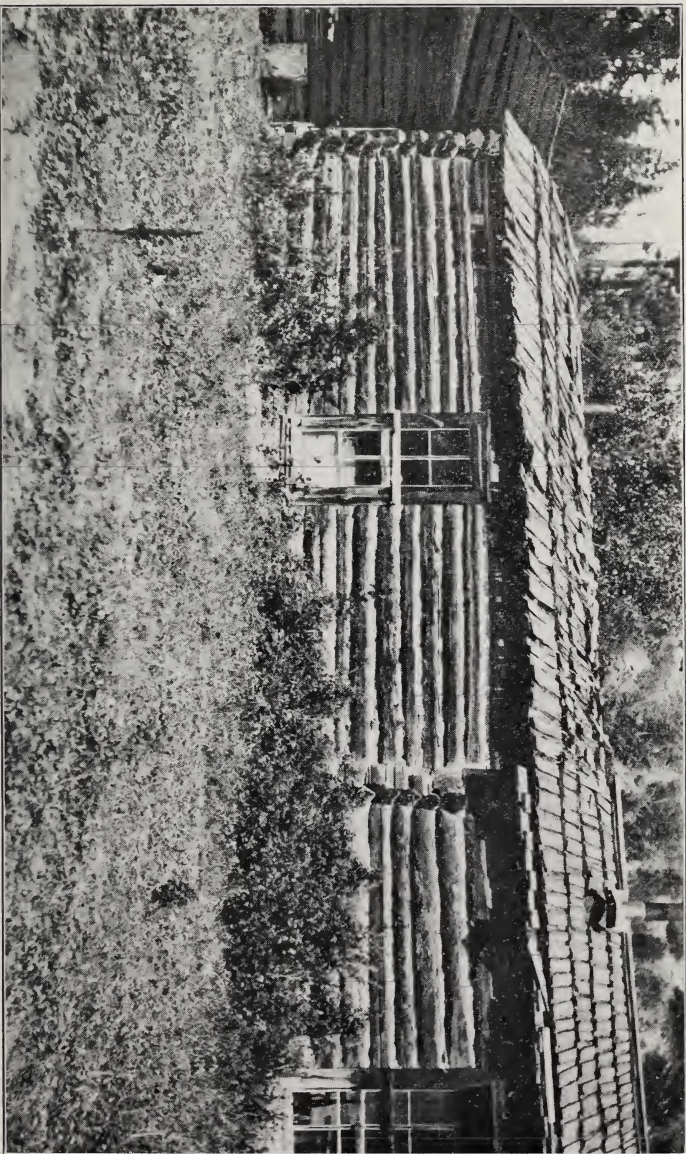
I am now admonished to hasten on, to tell of scenes around the campfire, with the hunters and the miners.

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SACRED.

“Deep in each artist’s soul some picture lies,
That he will never paint for mortal eyes;
And every singer in his heart doth hold
Some sad, sweet tale that he will leave untold.”
—MORGAN.

Heart friendship lasts forever;
And true friends are parted never.



FIRST LOG CABIN ON ROGUE RIVER

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III

WITH THE HUNTERS AND THE MINERS.

THE MINER.

“We have worked our claims,
We have spent our gold,
Our barks are stranded on the bars;
We are battered and old,
Yet at night we behold,
Outcropping of gold in the stars.
Though battered and old,
Our hearts are bold,
Yet oft do we repine;
For the days of old,
For the days of gold,
For the days of forty-nine.”
—MILLER.

HUNTING.



HUNTING has always been classed as the highest pastime among the sport seeking classes of the world. It connects adventure with wild romance. It has interested mighty men, from the great hunter Messopotamia, to our Theodore Roosevelt; and will continue, until the time when the “wolf shall lie down with the lamb, the leopard

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with the kid, and enmity shall cease among the creatures of earth.”

“If I were a god I would get me a spear, I would get me a
horse and dog,
And merrily, merrily I would ride through covert and brake
and bog,
With hound and horn and laughter loud, over the hills away—
For there is no sport like that of a man who holds a deer
at bay.
O, but the morning is fresh and fair; and, O, but the sun is
bright;
And yonder the quarry breaks from the bush and heads for
the hills in flight;
A minute’s law for the hurried thing, then follow him, follow
him fast,
With the bellow of dogs and the beat of hoofs and the mel-
low bugle’s blast.”

HUNTERS’ PARADISE.

Over near Mt. Adams there is a place called “Hunters’ Paradise.” I had a great desire to visit it. When the time came, I walked all the way from the Columbia River up to the place. The owner is a man who came from Wales with quite considerable means, and sought out this spot, as a veritable mountain pleasure resort, and made it “hunters’ paradise.” He built a large log house—peeled the logs—got them of equal size—and built a two-story house, with sixteen rooms—all nicely furnished. Porched the house all around in the most rustic manner. Made some barns, and

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planted trees and garden; all around the dense forest of fir, pine and spruce; and over to the north hung Mt. Adams. I approached the place about noon one day in Autumn. Suddenly I heard the yelling and yelping of a whole pack of hounds. They all came from their house in the back yard, and filled the whole space up to the gate. The family was at dinner. The lady came to the door, and just one word of rebuke, and a wave of the hand, sent every dog back to his place again. "Madam, I am impressed with this procession that you have a large pack of hounds." "Oh, no," she replied. "We don't have so many now; last year we had thirty—this year we have only seventeen. Come in," she said, "be at home and I will soon set your dinner on, for we are just done eating." Dinner over, Mr. Jones took me to his sitting and family room. Supposed I wanted to see some of his nature gatherings. "We are late from the mither countrie, and lake to heve the American friends come en"—then he showed me his guns. There was the Winchester rifle hanging on the antlers of an elk, fastened to the wall over the fire place. The shotgun just below, on other prongs. Then other guns were shown me in the closet nearby. Several heads of deer and mountain sheep were set in different parts of the wall, all nicely dressed. Several large birds, looking as if just in their native wild. Then he took me to the parlor—all of which

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was carpeted with bear skins, which the Indians had dressed, leaving fur, head and claws. He had not less than ten of these, dressed in the most perfect manner. One—the largest I had ever seen—he called him “the primal Ancestor.” Then Mrs. Jones showed me her personal collection; some of the largest of those bear she had killed with her own gun.”

The whole family, man, woman and three little boys, were all hunters. They took the ponies—rode and packed—took the whole pack of hounds, and went hunting every fall. Went out toward St. Helens and on the head waters of White Salmon. That hunter could shoot, starting it to fall, then get another shot in before the game touched the ground.

One of the little boys—only ten years old, had killed one of the largest of the bears. Sometimes the bear would fight the dogs, and then he would have to shoot at very close range. What a treat to me, the stories of his hunting life, which he told me that afternoon.

In the evening the little boys got their rifles, and the father practiced them in shooting. He would throw a tin plate into the air, and have the boys shoot at it on the fly. Most of their rifle shots made holes through the plate, as it sailed high in the air. That was one of the romances of

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my life—a rare treat—a revelation from the hunter's life.

THE DEER STAND.

The forests of Western Oregon are full of underbrush and fallen logs. The only successful way to hunt the deer, is to drive them with hounds. They have runways down to the water courses, and across, and on to the next mountain. The hunter takes his stand along the runway, another will set the dogs out and follow on; or if the dog is well trained, he will take to the woods alone and trail the game. Our own hound needed only the showing of the gun, and a word to go, and he was off at once. My Father was the best deer stand man in the part of the country in which we lived. Many a deer has fallen at the "crack of his rifle," while running at full speed before the hounds. Of course, in my boyhood, I went out with "Pa" to help him bring in the game. Out went the old dog. Not long waiting on the stand, "yelp-yelp"—slow barking—cold track. After a half hour, perhaps, the yelps came quick and short. Soon loud barking. "Now the deer is up," Father would say, "keep quiet." Yes, now the fun is on, for nearer, nearer comes the old dog. Gun in hand and ready—hunter's sharp eye intent on every motion. Up the trail—there, there comes a head of horns through the bending brush, borne by a

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five or six point buck. An object of supremest admiration—but alas, the hunter's prey. The old rifle never failed—one leap, and that ranger of the forest has turned a somersault, and lies prostrate; or if he runs a hundred yards, the hound soon bays him, 'til another shot will lay him low.

OUR HUNTER'S LODGE.

Before the Wilhoit Soda Spring began to be improved, there was a small log cabin there—rock chimney at end—an old poll bedstead, with a pile of brush to sleep on. That became our “Lodge.” The cabin was down at the spring, the soda fountain—since the resort of thousands. There the game resorted to lick the sediment. Forest dense, for miles around. Up to the late sixties no more ideal spot could be found. To this “Hunters’ Lodge,” I went on a certain time to hunt a week with my Father and brother-in-law. John Thompson, the brother-in-law, was a deer slayer. He could beat old Cooper’s famed Indian hunter. And I went there to kill my first deer. They had slain their hundreds. After making camp—and a good sleep—we planned the first hunt. Each took a slope of the mountain range, separated by canyon, to go up to the summit, two miles away, perhaps, there on the divide to meet somewhere. Whoever killed the first deer was to be free from camp

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work. Early in the morning—bracing air—out on the first hunt of that fall; all these charged our spirits to the utmost. Stealing slowly through the underbrush up the mountain to the top of that ridge, a level of a few rods before me, and just at the farther edge beyond a large log, a deer stood feeding on some tender vegetation, head down. What an opportunity for the boy; “there’s my chance!” That shotgun did grand work; and after a deafening bang and a furious reaction on my shoulder, I saw a deer kicking in the brush and grass. It fell in its tracks. The older hunters heard the shot and came around the hill, and seeing what I had done, threw their hats high in the air and cheered the young hero hunter. I returned to camp, carrying most of that deer. The others went further on. Soon Father heard the hounds in chase—found the runaway, and as that deer went at top speed down the trail, shot it direct through the head with a rifle ball. And O, what a supper we did have. The old long-handled frying pan for the cakes of bread; the forked sticks to roast the sliced venison ham; the old black coffee pot over the log fire; the syrup in the little earthen jug, and the appetite of the hunter! All those together, make the most supreme luxury. It may sound somewhat of coarseness, but I will say, that for real enjoyment in outdoor life; for real natural romance, give me the hunters’ lodge. In that vi-

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cinity, the Molalla, Rock Creek and Soda Springs district, there were the best trained hunters that I ever knew. There were the Ridings boys, several of the Marquam boys, Quinns and the Longs. The guns, the hounds and hunters' horn, matchless sport. Before the game protection law, winter hunting was a business. A friend of mine spent a winter on Crooked River, near Prineville, and in company with another, killed one hundred and twenty deer. A rancher at Christmas Lake had a real pyramid of deer and antelope horns, piled up in his yard, too many to number when I was at his place.

In the Grand Ronde the elk would often come down off the mountains, and graze on the young and green meadow grass near our house. In the early sixties I have counted twenty in a herd from our door.

THE BOY'S BEAR.

Eras Rosecrans—one of our neighbors for many years—went out hunting in his early youth. He was a good shot then with the rifle. A mile or so out on the foothills, the acorns were falling. Passing through an oak glade he saw a large bear busily eating the mast. Of course he put in his best shot; then thinking of his great danger, should the bear be only crippled, he turned his face toward home, dropped his gun, and ran for

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dear life. Coming to a limby tree, up he went. Then looking back he thought he saw the bear just a little way behind him, pursuing. After some time had passed, and he did not see the bear again, he climbed down; but his fright struck him again, and away he ran, until he came to another good tree, and up it he went again. Then he thought he saw the bear near at hand, but after a long time he got brave enough to descend, struck the path and made straight for home; told his father and oldest brother that he had shot a bear, but the "infuriated beast had run him clean to home." The father took his gun and went back with the boy. Cautiously they moved up to where he had dropped his gun, and then, just fifty yards away, under an oak, lay that big black bear, stone dead. That boy grew up to be the best hunter in Western Oregon.

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THE MINERS.

“We are wreck and stray,
We are cast away,
Poor battered old hulks and spars;
But we hope and pray,
On the judgment day,
We shall strike it up in the stars.”

THE PROSPECTOR.



THE pioneer miner is the prospector. He braves the perils of mountains and deserts, hunts 'til he finds the precious metal—sells out for a song—and others come in and get rich.

I have known a great many of these men, have been about their campfires, sat and eaten with them from their canvas tables, and the generous pot of beans; have felt the impulse that drove them out on their wild career. Today we hail them as the vanguard of settlement throughout all the mountain regions of the West.

S. D. Woods has paid a tribute to the prospector, which I am at liberty here to present:

“The prospector may be a rude man, uncouth, even desperate. For the lack of better things to do he may, when in town, drink himself to the borders of delirium, gamble away his last dollar, and



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even his outfit, swear and shout and fight, but he stands always a stalwart figure, away above the degenerate line, and is ready to slay the man who dares accuse him of mean or dishonest action. Toward women, he is reverentially courteous, to children kindly, to his fellow, generous to a fault; ready to divide all of his possessions with him in distress. His moral strength has been molded and is sustained by the silent communion he has had when in the silence of the mountains he has held converse with himself; and as he has looked into the depths of the sky, while lying alone upon his pallet on the slope of the mountain, he has seen as a vision, the fine moral relations which should exist among men.

The prospector is almost always "broke." He has no commercial instincts, and unless he is at last successful in finding a pay-streak, he is dependent upon some friend who is willing to "grub-stake" him, that is, to outfit him with the food and supplies necessary for his simple wants while he is in the field. The grubstaker for his contribution is to be partner in all finds. From these partnerships have been derived some of the colossal fortunes of the West. These contracts are usually verbal; and it is the history of the mining world that they are seldom broken. The average prospector's word is as good as most men's bond."

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Gold was first discovered in Oregon in 1845; somewhere within our present Harney County. That find was the famous "Blue Bucket Mine." The marvelous story is connected with the movements of the "lost train." Romance? Yes, but real history. I have personally known Uncle Sol Tethero, Captain of that train, and finder of the gold. Some of his sons still live in Independence, Polk County; and also, I have talked recently with Mr. Allen, now of Wasco County, and son of David Allen—a little child then, yet he remembers the experiences of the "lost train."

"BLUE BUCKET MINE."

The Tethero-Allen train was met on the Malheur River by a man by the name of Meek, nephew of Jo Meek, who proposed to them a new route into the Willamette Valley, shortening the travel. He would guide them. It was late in the season, and they readily accepted the proposed shorter way.

He turned them up the Malheur, thence across Harney Valley, making straight towards the Twin Sisters snow peaks, over the range and down McKenzie River—a shorter route, surely.

After traveling several weeks and the train had come to the desert part of Harney Valley, they became discouraged and lost confidence in their

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guide. They held a secret conference one night, concluded their guide was an imposter—meaning to destroy them by betraying them to the Indians. So they determined to execute him in some manner the next day. Mr. Meek got knowledge of their intentions and fled on horseback during the night toward the Columbia. It is supposed that the train at that time was on the headwaters of Crooked River.

Bending their course northward, following the track made by Mr. Meek's horse, they soon came down upon the Deschutes River. Not finding a crossing possible, they crossed the table lands through Grass Valley, Spanish Hollow, etc., down to the mouth of the Deschutes. Then they proceeded on with the march of the regular emigration, arriving in the valley very late in the fall. The hardships, dangers and suffering of men, women and children, and cattle on the "Meek's Cutoff" can never be told.

Somewhere on upper Malheur or in Harney Valley, Mr. Tethero (possibly others with him) found quite an amount of coarse placer gold. It seems that here it was at the surface and mingled with the gravel, in a small stream. The stream was among abrupt hills, "a narrow and steep gulch." Mr. Tethero gathered some fine specimens and took with him, keeping them safely in a blue bucket. When they were ferrying the Des-

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chutes River in their wagon boxes, the boiling current of the river upset the wagon box ferry, and upset that "blue bucket" with its precious contents and all was lost. This statement has been made over and over by Mr. Tethero, whom I very well knew.

Much search has been made for that "mine" but in vain. It may yet be found; and the history of the "Lost Train" some time be more fully written out.

THE FIRST GOLD MINING IN OREGON.

This discovery was made in 1850, on Illinois River and Sucker Creek—tributaries of Rogue River. These pioneers were Hardy Elliff, Thomas Elliff and Fred Beardsley. I have this fact from Dr. F. W. Hogg, of The Dalles, who well knew the men and the circumstance. The following summer the great rush was on to California, and all along those streams in Southern Oregon prospecting was going on.

Mrs. Dye says: "In 1851 a miner struck gold on a creek. He named it for his little daughter, Josephine. A whole county in Southern Oregon bears today the classic name of Josephine."

Two drivers of a cattle train camped in a gulch. That night they found placers of extraordinary riches. Miners trooped in by the thousands, and

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Jackson's Gulch became Jacksonville. Nuggets of ten dollars, forty dollars, one hundred dollars, and even nine hundred dollars, were picked up. Ah, those were great days. A man might be penniless at daybreak, and before night the richest man in the valley.

Men that came for gold brought their families and planted their homes on the hillsides of the Rogue and the Umpqua. Curious little pockets were found where veins of gold seemed to cross, and sometimes, in a space not much larger than a cubic foot, as much as ten thousand dollars could be taken out at once. Over thirty million dollars in gold has been taken out of Jackson County alone. Literally, the streams of Southern Oregon flow over golden sands.

One day a Nez Perce Indian said to an old gold-hunter, "One night, with two of my people, I slept in a canyon deep and dark. High in the rocky sides we saw an eye of light. It watched us all night, and we watched it. In the morning we looked. It was fast in the rock; we could not move it. It was great medicine, and we left it there."

The old gold-hunter rested not, seeking for that "ball of light" in the land of the Nez Perces. From his discovery came the Salmon River rush and the settlement of the future Idaho.

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PIONEER DISCOVERY.

There has just gone from earth, the pioneer miner of Eastern Oregon. He, with a company of four others, discovered gold in the Powder River country, in the summer of 1861. Early that spring Mr. Littlefield and his partner, Henry Griffin, came to Portland to outfit for the Salmon River mines. While on the streets of the city one day, saw quite a company of men gathered about a certain gentleman whose name, I believe, was Chapman. He was telling them in the most enthusiastic manner of his having found, in the year before, somewhere in the now Harney Valley, the famous "Blue Bucket Mine;" the long lost mine of emigrant story. He wanted to get a company of men to go with him and mine the country there, for the Indians had run him out the year before. He then, and within a few days, completed the organization of a company of about one hundred men, with all the equipments for the trip. Dave Littlefield and his friend, Mr. Griffin, joined that company. They shipped by the Columbia River boats to The Dalles. Thence they pursued the old emigrant road to Tygh Valley, crossed the Deschutes; on over the high plateau to Ochoco; thence to Crooked River and on to Harney Lake. All seemed to have high hopes of their coming fortune, for all had confidence in what the guide had told them.

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They believed that he had found the famous mine.

But Mr. Chapman soon became bewildered. He would retrace his course; then go too far south, then north. Several times he got the company nearly famished for water. The men finally lost confidence, and threatened the life of the guide.

They finally gave him one more day and then if he found not the mine they would surely hang him. The day came to an end with no success. The miners held a meeting and determined to hang him at sunrise the next day.

Littlefield, and about half the bunch, determined to rescue the man; and during the night concealed him in a cave in the mountains.

Next morning, seeing the late guide had escaped, about fifty of the men started back to get to the Columbia again and thence to the Orofino. But in their journey they detoured northward of their old trail, struck the headwaters of the John Day River and on Canyon Creek "struck it rich." Out of that find came the wonderfully rich John Day mines of the early sixties. The half of the company, guided now by Littlefield, started as directly as possible for the old emigrant road, expecting to strike it somewhere in the Powder River Valley. Crossing the divide at the head of Powder River, they prospected the streams and soon found gold. Coming on down to near the valley, Mr. Griffin, one day, while nooning, shov-

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eled some dirt into his pan and washed out a large amount of coarse placer gold.

Of course the company went no further. Mr. Griffin had first claim and Mr. Littlefield next, and so the whole creek was located. There on Griffin Creek—it bears his name still—was thus discovered the first of the great Powder River gold fields, so marvelously rich. This was late in the fall of 1861. Early next spring the still richer Auburn camp was discovered, six miles south of the Griffin camp; and in 1862 Oregon went wild over loads of gold being washed from the famous Blue Canyon, French Gulch and Poker Flat. Two Frenchmen took out over \$100,000 in placer gold that fall, washed from the Auburn camp in a few weeks.

After the location was made on Griffin Creek, late in 1861, the most of the party went on to the Willamette Valley to winter. Dave Littlefield and Griffin built a cabin to winter in, and continued mining. They were the only white men in the whole of Eastern Oregon, beyond the vicinity of The Dalles.

Soon the deep snow came and provisions were low. With the gold dust they had taken out they made the journey for supplies and gum boots, over the Blue Mountains to Walla Walla, nearly 200 miles away. While there they displayed the splendid placer gold they had taken out and the whole

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country went wild. Mr. Ruckles of early Dalles fame, told the news all up and down the Columbia, and very early in the spring there was the wildest rush to the Powder River country that Oregon ever saw, and such as will never be again.

I well knew Dave Littlefield. Knew him first in the summer of 1863, at Auburn. He stayed by that camp and saw it to its desertion when washed out. He then took land near that log cabin, the "Eldorado" of Oregon gold fields, and there made his permanent home. I have been seated by his fireside when winter evenings were on, and heard him tell the marvelous story of 1861, and the perils of that winter. How much the State owes to such pioneering; how much this age owes to that age of heroism, will never be estimated in commerce nor told in story.

Mr. Littlefield did a pioneer work for which neither the Oregonians of his time nor of later times have rewarded him.

INCIDENTS.

In Auburn those years, excitement, new discoveries, getting rich, outlawry, ruled and reigned. Defiance of law was in the foreground until the better class got together and "vigilants" law was organized. As a result notorious characters "passed on" by the "short cut," instead of by the usual highway round.

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“On December 1st, 1862, ‘Spanish Tom’ was hanged by a ‘vigilants committee,’ composed of two or three hundred men. He killed two men—John Desmond and Mr. Labaree in a saloon over a game of cards. He ran away immediately after the killing and a reward of three hundred dollars was offered for his apprehension. He was captured by David Johnson and others near Mormon Basin, and brought back to the scene of his crime. Immediately the committee formed and while he was being examined by Mr. Abel, Justice of the Peace, a mob overpowered the sheriff and his deputies. They dragged him through the main street over rocks and stumps, and hung him to a tree near the Brainard Spring. The sheriff and his deputies did all they could to restrain the mob, but as the prisoner saw there was no hope he said to Mr. Hall: ‘For God’s sake, George, let me go, they are pulling me to pieces.’ The next day he was buried by the sheriff. Auburn, before this, had been infested by very rough characters; after this happened, however, these characters left for Idaho, and Auburn was once more the ‘smiling, peaceful village of the plain.’ ”

Provisions of all kinds were very high, and most of the emigrants went to The Dalles for their provisions. Flour was two hundred dollars for one hundred pounds, bacon fifty cents a pound, and potatoes twenty-five dollars per one hundred

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pounds, with everything in proportion. Early in the spring of 1863, the people contributed five hundred dollars for the building of a log cabin to be used as a Catholic Church. Rev. Father Mesplie was its first pastor. The first circuit judge was Hon. Joseph G. Wilson, and the county judge was Mr. Neill Johnson. The miners, as a rule, were successful, and laborers commanded from four dollars to five dollars per day.

Here, in Auburn, this Eldorado of the Blue Mountains, were some of Oregon's formative characters. Here I met, for the first time, Mr. S. A. Clarke. Everybody called him "Sam" Clarke. He knew everybody; everyone knew him. First clerk of Baker County; long time editor of Oregonian and Oregon Statesman. Few men wielded a larger influence.

In the fall of 1862 the Steam Navigation Company purchased from Mr. Packwood and others, the water rights of Elk and Goodrich Creeks and their tributaries. They immediately commenced the construction of what is known as the Auburn canal. Most of the emigrants were without employment, and many would have starved had not these noble men bought the water right and hence furnished hundreds with employment. In the fall of 1862, what is known as the "Pony Express" came into Auburn. The mail was carried by Messrs. J. M. Shepherd, now deceased, and Rock-

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feller. Letters and papers received and sent were one dollar. The first and only paper of any note which came into Auburn, was the Sacramento Union. In the spring of 1863 a great many of the people went to Idaho on hearing of the rich gold mines there.

INDIVIDUAL ADVENTURES.

A number of the young men of Willamette Valley worked out to Orofino, Salmon River, Auburn and other points, who figured heroically through those perilous years, in the mining camps. Oregon may well be proud of them, for they made her most romantic history. Among them there was none more conspicuous than Thomas H. Brents.

The spring of 1862 found him outfitted for the new diggings discovered on the Powder River in Eastern Oregon, the fall before. In company with three others he attempted to cross the Blue Mountains in March. They found the deep snow too soft to tread upon, so in one place they had to dig through five to ten feet of snow for ten miles, to make a path for their pack horses. And this is only one of the perils of that journey. In April they arrived at the Auburn mines, but for some unknown reason they continued on over the divide to the John Day discovery, and there located

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claims. He and the Hall boys built the first cabin in camp, and probably the first in all Grant County.

In the fall of 1862 Brents and his partner started the first express line from Canyon City to The Dalles. There he had the most thrilling experiences. No ferries on the rivers and no bridges, until he reached the Deschutes. The country along the John Day and its tributaries was literally full of Indians and outlaws. These latter especially sought the express men as victims.

On one of his trips, coming to a swollen river, and fearing to plunge in and swim in the dark, and seeing a camp fire a little way off, he rode up to get permission to camp with them until morning. Imagine his surprise when he looked into the face of Berry Way, the most dreaded of the outlaws, who, with his wife and a man of their kind, had camped there, having murdered a man by the name of Gallaher. The bandits welcomed him and asked him if he carried much treasure. He threw them off when he threw the treasure sack carelessly on the ground and said: "No, it's only mule shoes this time for a big pack train just down the river, coming in." And he never touched the sack again until morning as though it were practically worthless. But that night he pretended sleep only, and lay all night in his blankets with his revolvers in his hand. They allowed him to ride off next morning. Berry Way was arrested soon

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after this and hanged by vigilants to a tree near Canyon City. One night Brents outran a band of four outlaws who were led by the notorious Romaine, and in ten hours traveled 112 miles.

Mr. Brents was appointed by the Governor as the first clerk and magistrate of Grant County, which was again a most perilous undertaking for those times.

In 1868 he married the girl who was his school chum and love of his boyhood, Miss Belle McCown, of his pioneer neighborhood. After some years of law practice he settled in Walla Walla City.

While teaching school in that place in 1870 I was most intimately associated with him, having known him from boyhood. He was, to me, a most interesting character—a rare pattern of heroic manhood. Wherever he went he blazed the way for others, more timid, to walk into a well founded civilization.

In 1878 he was elected to Congress and to him belongs the honor of shaping statehood and bringing Washington into the Union. No other Congressman worked to greater success than Mr. Brents. Today he presides over the municipal court; honored by all who know him; complimented for his achievements, and regarded as an exalted factor in the making of this Great Empire.

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INDIAN PERIL.

In this same wild John Day country, Mr. H. Wheeler had a marvelous escape from Indians. He had put on a line of stages, and was driving from Canyon City to The Dalles. In a recent letter to me, he confirmed the following statements:

On the seventh day of September, 1866, Mr. Wheeler was in person driving the stage and was about three miles east from where the town of Mitchell now stands, when he was suddenly attacked by a band of fifteen or twenty murderous Snake Indians. H. C. Paige, the Wells Fargo messenger, was the only other person on the coach. At the first onslaught, the Indians fired a volley and Mr. Wheeler was hit in the mouth, the bullet going through both cheeks and knocking out some of his teeth and a portion of his jaw. The road was too rough to drive the stage away from them in a race, and the only thing left to do was to mount the leaders, which had never been ridden, and scurry away as fast as possible, leaving the stage and its cargo for spoil to the savages. Immediately, upon the first approach of the Indians, Paige opened fire on them with a thirty-eight caliber Colt's revolver, his only weapon, and so pluckily did he keep up his fight that the savages were beaten off sufficiently to allow the leaders to be detached, and thus he and Wheeler escaped. The

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cargo contained a thousand dollars in greenbacks, three hundred dollars in coin, diamond rings, besides other valuables. The Indians cut open the mail sacks, took what they liked, but overlooked the greenbacks, or did not know their value, for they were found later; took the leather off the stage top, and all parts they desired, and left. Mr. Wheeler and his companion made their way to the roadhouse of C. W. Myers and Frank Hewitt, the latter being known as "Alkali Frank," which was two miles farther east. Later they returned and gathered up what was to be found of the valuables and the United States mail. Mr. Wheeler went back to The Dalles to receive treatment for his wound. He lost heavily during his time on the stage, by thieving and marauding from the Indians. Eighty-nine horses in all were stolen, besides much other property. But one of the strange things is that though Mr. Wheeler went over the road perhaps more than any other one man, and although murders were common on every hand, still he escaped with the wound mentioned, and lives to recount the stirring incidents of those days.

In 1887, Secretary of State McBride presented to the State of Oregon a long tin box which is still kept in the State archives. It contains a thirty-eight Colt's revolver, large and heavy; a bowie knife, made from a butcher knife; two pairs of bullet moulds, two ramrods, and a belt. This is the



MULTNOMAH FALLS, COLUMBIA RIVER,
NEAR 1000 FEET

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accoutrement possessed by Paige at the time of the terrible struggle mentioned above. The revolver is the instrument he used so tellingly against the redskins, and this small arsenal is highly prized as a relic of those days when Indians were on the warpath, and the real Western spirit pervaded the now quiet and prosperous State of Oregon.

Mr. Wheeler was honored with the name of Wheeler County, and still lives among the people of Mitchel, County Seat of that county.

How those perils were endured, and those mighty tasks performed, will forever remain a mystery. Even to us who were actors, those experiences now seem super-human.

Those were God's men, sent out on a mission. The great war was on; and while it ravaged the East, God sent out his miners to the West. They came here to the mountains of Oregon and Idaho; panned out the gold. The Nation was saved from bankruptcy, and the war debt was paid.

"Yet God's scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

JAGER PARTY.

The experiences of the Jager party was tragic in the extreme. In "Reminiscences of Oregon," Mrs. Lord says:

"A party of men who had been at the Colville mines were on their way down to The Dalles. On

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reaching the John Day River the stage, or whatever conveyance they were using, could come no further, so seven men decided to walk. They were Jager, Mulky, Galliger, Gay, Moody and two others. Galliger was an Irishman, very poorly clothed, tall and muscular. Jager was of medium size, or under, wore two suits of clothes and an overcoat. They tried to dissuade him from attempting the trip, but he was very anxious to get home to Portland. Mulkey was a heavy set, rather large man, past middle age, heavily dressed and with a heavy belt of gold around his waist under his clothes. The others I do not know much about.

The snow was two feet deep on the level and badly drifted. They took turns in going ahead and breaking the road. Some of them unwisely used stimulants to counteract the cold, but the reaction left them in worse condition than before. The big Irishman never flagged, and finally had to break the trail all the time. He came in without a blemish. Jager gave out and wanted to give up long before the others. They did everything in their power to bring him through, but he would not try, so they were forced to leave him unconscious. Galliger got through to the Deschutes and sent out help for the others.

When they got to the fire no one knew better than to let them thaw, and none of them knew what their real condition was. Mulky was dread-

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fully frozen, and went to bed with most of his clothes on. For days he would not allow them to be taken off. When he was finally forced to let them be removed, the belt was found; they supposed he was afraid of being robbed. His condition was something dreadful, and he soon died. The two young men were brought in, taken to the garrison, and had to have parts of their toes and feet amputated. The body of Jager was brought in and put into a metallic coffin filled with alcohol and placed in a storeroom until the ice went out of the Columbia, and they were enabled to send it home. Two other men were frozen the same winter in attempting to make the same trip. One wandered off toward the Columbia and his remains were not found until the next summer."

"MRS. JIMMIE."

Here is a story from the extreme north boundary of the Original Oregon Country. It is reported by Mr. H. F. Cable. He has most beautifully described the heroism of "Mrs. Jimmie":

On a trail running north and west of the present town of Missoula, Mont., and almost on the exact grade where the Northern Pacific Railway now runs, "Jimmie" Wade, from Lake County, Illinois, established a small hay farm and cattle ranch. The Wade family consisted of Mrs. Wade, who was

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always known as "Mrs. Jimmie," the husband, and two sons, John and Philip. John was twelve and Philip ten, when the family sold their property near Waukegan, and by wagon slowly crossed Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota and eastern Montana. The journey to the Missoula land which would now require less than three days took the Wade family six months.

Mrs. Wade was a woman of short stature, weighing about two hundred pounds, and possessing an inexhaustible fund of good nature. No family disaster could be so great but that she could find a silver lining to the clouds. She was wont to say to her husband:

"Jimmie, if everybody would laugh there'd be no dyspepsia in this world."

When she was presented to General Terry, then commanding the troops in the northwest Indian country, he remarked with a gallant bow:

"Mrs. Jimmie, I have been told that you were the sunshine of the Kalispell trail."

Mr. Beidler, the first government custodian of Yellowstone Park, said of her:

"The meanest grizzly b'ar that ever crossed the Divide would have to laugh if it saw the smiling face of Mrs. Jimmie."

Past the home of the Wades ran the trails to the Coeur d'Alene, to the Bitter Root River, the Flathead country, and the Kootenai. Heavy

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freighting teams driven by rough men, cavalry from the army, outfits of new settlers, and roving bands of Sioux, Flatheads and renegades from the Canadian border were constantly passing.

It seemed to be the general idea in those days that horses and oxen could not be driven without extreme brutality. The Wade family was witness to much of this, for at a heavy grade of the trail near their home the overdriven animals suffered terribly at the hands of cruel, cursing drivers.

“Some of the scenes,” John Wade told me, “were terrible, and many a time I saw my usually sweet-tempered mother clench her hands and her eyes would fill with tears at the sights we had to witness.”

One day when an overloaded six-mule team was being treated with exceptional brutality Mrs. Jimmie walked down to the trail and said to the head driver:

“I want that to stop. You take the mules out, rub them down, feed and rest them, and they’ll make the grade all right.”

The man ripped out an oath and told Mrs. Jimmie to mind her own affairs. She turned on her heel, went back to the house, secured a repeating rifle and returned.

“Now,” she said, “the first man that strikes a mule I’ll shoot. If you want to rest the animals

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my boys will help you, but beat them, you can't. Rest them or fight!"

The "bullwhacker," as the drivers were called, began to laugh. The pluck of Mrs. Jimmie had touched the better side of his nature. John and Philip were called, and the mules were given rest and food, after which they took up their burden with ease. But the word went along the road that Mrs. Jimmie had started a school for unfeeling drivers.

In a short time this sign appeared at the foot of the troublesome grade:

"Rest Your Teams Here Before Trying Grade.
Be Merciful."

One or two obstreperous cowboys vowed they would shoot this sign full of holes, but singularly enough, it was the teamsters who told them that there would be a row if they touched it.

"Mother was nothing if not practical in her Christianity," John Wade said. "Now that the teamsters had begun to heed her she had us children carry fresh buckets of water to the grade for the weary travelers. When our stock of provisions was good she would make a panful of hot cookies and these we passed among the drivers and emigrants."

"One day a bullwhacker came to the house and said that one of his comrades was very sick. Mother hastened down to the wagon train to find

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the man in the last stages of consumption, and dying. It was very evident that he could live only a short time. He knew mother, as he had been one of the teamsters whom she had induced to quit cursing and beating his animals.

"His companions had laid him in the shade of a wagon and propped up his head with a saddle and blankets. Mother knelt beside him and we boys stood back of her. About us stretched the rough plain, and in the distance was the line of the mountains.

"D'ye think, Mrs. Jimmie," gasped the man, "God'll give me a square deal when I get over the Divide?"

"He's square with everybody," whispered mother, and began to sing "Rock of Ages." So the poor fellow went to his rest and was buried that evening on a grassy slope near the trail, mother conducting the services.

The respect and love of the rough men of the frontier for Mrs. Jimmie grew with the months.

"She's on the dead level with everybody," a trooper told Captain Wilkinson at Fort Shaw, "an' I stop cussing an' all foolishness when I get within five miles of her shack."

On one occasion she found a badly wounded Indian on the trail, placed him on her pony, carried him to the house and dressed his wound. He proved later to be young Brave Face of the Flat-

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heads, and from that time on, the Wade home was secure from raids of the red men. The only books in the home for a long time were the Bible and "Barnes' Commentaries." From these she taught her sons reading and writing. The Psalms and the book of Proverbs were particularly used for this.

Her last notable exploit was so heroic it forms a fitting climax to this short sketch of her career. A band of lawless white men had ridden the trail, running off all the cattle and horses they could. A party of troops sent after them divided into two sections, and the smaller division was trapped and besieged at a spot about two miles from the Wade home.

Philip Wade accidentally discovered the situation, and much alarmed, rode home posthaste, to find his father absent and John and his mother alone. A few words told the story. Mrs. Jimmie did not hesitate as to what she should do. She was an expert rifle shot, as were also the boys, and arming them she made for the scene of battle by a way that would bring her in the rear of the bandits.

"We'll make 'em think," she told her boys, "that the rest of the army is tumbling in on them."

When she finally got within firing distance of the marauders the troops were being hard pressed.

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“Now, boys,” whispered Mrs. Jimmie, “this is for your country. Turn loose.”

The fusilade of shots that followed gave the raiders a terrific surprise and cheered the troops to make a dash forward. In ten minutes a majority of the band were dead or prisoners, and the rest flying for the mountains. Then the young First Lieutenant in charge of the soldiers discovered that it was Mrs. Jimmie and her sons who had come to the rescue.

She took them all home with her, cooked them a rousing dinner from the best she had, laughing into their sun-burned faces, and courtesying with gravity when the Lieutenant, lifting high his tin cup of water pledged:

“To the best mother that lonesome men in a lonesome country ever had.”

BANNOCK CITY.

Bannock City, Idaho, was the roughest of all the wild mining camps in 1863. The mad rush for gold found a climax there; and revelry made its wildest pandemonium. In company with my brother-in-law, Mr. J. L. Johnson, and his wife, I reached Bannock on the fourth day of July, and it was Sunday. Every Sunday was a holiday for the miners; and especially, it being the National anniversary, everybody came to town. Perdition let loose, would not describe it. Ban-

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nock was the largest of the Boise Basin towns. I suppose there were about 500 actual citizens, five or six stores and twenty saloons. Mines were all about in the gulches; and I suppose there were 6000 men in town that day. Program? No; Order? No; everything was open and at full blast. Gambling—drinking—carousal—yelling—shooting. A revolver would fire at one end of the town and everybody would surge that way. A gun, again, would go off at the other end, and the crowd would rush back. Intoxicated men would battle, and bang each other, and hundreds would crowd 'round. A dog fight, and the crowd rushed to see. Keep out? you couldn't keep out; you must cross the street or enter a store, then the wild crowd, like some storm wave of the sea, would swallow you up. Much shooting was done, and one or two men were killed.

I was approaching the main street, intending to cross to a store on the opposite side. Just on the corner was a large saloon. As I was about to pass, two guns were fired. The victim of the last shot came tumbling out of the door and fell at my feet, just around the corner. He was drinking. When asked for a "pay-up" he drew his revolver and shot the saloonkeeper. The return shot did the fatal work for him.

Right glad were we to get a mile out of town, and camp by a stream among the hills.

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I was reminded of the feeling of the Irishman who had come, with several companions, to New York. After a few adventures, he got lost from his company. He wandered around several days before he found his crowd again. Pat said, "Begorah, moy fellow countrymen, O've be'n altogether lost. By the saints, Oi'll go right back to ould Dublin where it's more paceful."

O, what a day of terror! That night I lay down under a spreading pine, on the canvas and blanket to sleep. I thought how far I was away from home—a boy of my age. The driving of the teams and the wild noises continued. Then away off down the road I heard a voice singing—a man's voice—loud but clear. Listen. Yes, he was singing an old hymn. O, that old church hymn:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

Heaven seemed to come down to earth, to quiet the reveling of men. As the voice came nearer, everything else was hushed, and that voice, sent of God, sang on:

"There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

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Home—rest—peace came in. God seemed wonderfully near.

We drove our freight team back down the Boise River, over the Snake, up old Burnt River and into Auburn mines again. Here we passed the remainder of that year.

And now let us stir up the fire again, for I must tell you something of the story of the camp-fire scenes, with the preachers.

LAWS AND OUTLAWS.

(By special request.)

(The Author.)

“For the law is not a terror to good works; but to the Evil.” (Paul). Law is of God. Human law is inspired of the Divine, and meets his sanction. Human law is a necessity and will be, until the King of Kings comes and brings in the statutes of heaven.

The first decade of Oregon history was without law—that is without statute law. They were ahead of territorial government. Those missionaries, and settlers who gathered around them, needed no law but the “Word of God.” They were a law unto themselves. Conscience, and God’s common law were sufficient. No crime intruded, save in one instance, where an adventurer from

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Boston endeavored to introduce a stock of liquor. A single mass meeting of the settlers pronounced against it, and the intruder and his cargo went on.

But the time came when organized government was necessary. In 1841 Mr. Ewing Young died, leaving considerable property. He had no heirs. The church could not claim the estate, for he belonged to no church. In the absence of a will, what could be done? A probate court had to be organized. Judge, councilmen, magistrate, etc., were chosen. This provisional court was the first organization west of the Missouri River, and led finally to the territorial organization (provisional) in 1843.

I say there seemed to be no need of courts to try criminals during the first decade, for there was not a crime committed in the American settlement that has gone on record. But the discovery of gold in California, and a little later in Oregon, flooded the country with outlaws. The saloon came. The gambler came. The highwayman came. In places terror reigned and the lawless were in the rule. Law was derided; downtrodden; defied. No sheriff dared bring a criminal to justice without becoming a victim of the "gang." Many of the outlaws who flooded the mining camps of Eastern Oregon, made highway robbery a profession, and boasted of it. I often asked some of these men of their former home and friends. Their

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reply generally was: "I have no friends. This is my friend," putting his hand on the revolver belted to the waist. "This friend has always been on hand when I got into trouble. It will never betray me." Most of them made that a practical fact.

The notorious Hank Vaughan, raised in The Dalles, stole some horses and taking the band eastward toward the mountains of Idaho, laid down one night on the banks of Burnt River to sleep. The sheriff and deputies of Umatilla pursued and crept upon him, but in arousing him he shot and killed the sheriff, and wounded the deputy and escaped. He always slept with his revolver in his hand.

So terrible did these outlaws become that vigilants courts became a necessity, and the only remedy. This was organized in the Boise Basin in 1863, and aided much toward driving out the desperadoes. "Lynch law" was administered to several of the worst of them.

While returning from a trip to the basin—to Bannock—in 1863, we had camped on the Boise River. About sundown there came down the road a much worn out horse and rider. He asked if he could get a lunch with us, saying he was in great haste to ride on to The Dalles, where his wife lay sick. After he had eaten supper with us he laid down and we supposed he had gone to sleep for

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the night, but on awaking next morning we found that he had gone during the night. Next day we traveled fifteen miles to the Snake River and there learned that he had crossed the river early and had gone on. The same day a posse from Placerville, fifty miles away, came in pursuit, trying to overtake the notorious McKnab. He had that morning gone to the cabin of a sleeping man, and putting his revolver to his head, awakened him and then put a bullet through his head. When the pursuers came to the border of the State of Oregon they dropped pursuit and returned. This man was never arrested for the crime. While with us he seemed an ideal gentleman; paid us three times the value of the meal he had eaten and seemed loaded with gold dust.

The outlaw, Romaine, led the band of four that murdered MacGruder near Lewiston in 1863. while he was returning from the Orofino mines. They had marked his going, had pursued and waylaid him. These men escaped to San Francisco. But they were tried, condemned and hanged according to civil law, the first in that wild territory (Idaho). They were the most terrible of their kind. Just before swinging off one of them said: "Good bye, boys, I'll meet you all in hell in fifteen minutes."

In another mining town we held a mass meeting and issued an ultimatum to the gamblers, that if they were found in that town after twenty-four

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hours they would meet the fate of many whom they had victimized. All the next day a band of citizens patrolled the streets with rifles and shotguns. When sunset came, not a gambler was left in the town.

These were the days of frontier terrors, romances, adventures! They were formative days. None but dauntless, stalwart men could have moulded out of such times such a civilization as ours. They were God's heroic pioneers.



PULPIT ROCK

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IV

WITH THE PREACHERS ON THE TRAILS.

AT THE CAMP MEETINGS, IN THE LOG CABIN HOMES.



THE voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert, a highway for our God.'

—Isaiah.

“ Shall we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny? Salvation,
O, Salvation
The joyful sound proclaim; till earth's remotest nation shall
learn Messiah's name? ”

THE PREACHER—THE BIBLE—THE SONG.

Professor Horner says: “The old fashioned preacher, who preached in the rude church, school house or home, wielded a powerful influence upon the religious thought, in the earlier days.”

“In each wagon of the lone emigrant trains that came into our valleys, might have been found a certain book—plain book, precious book, book of books—the Bible. And the most indifferent, sometimes, perused its pages. In England John Bun-

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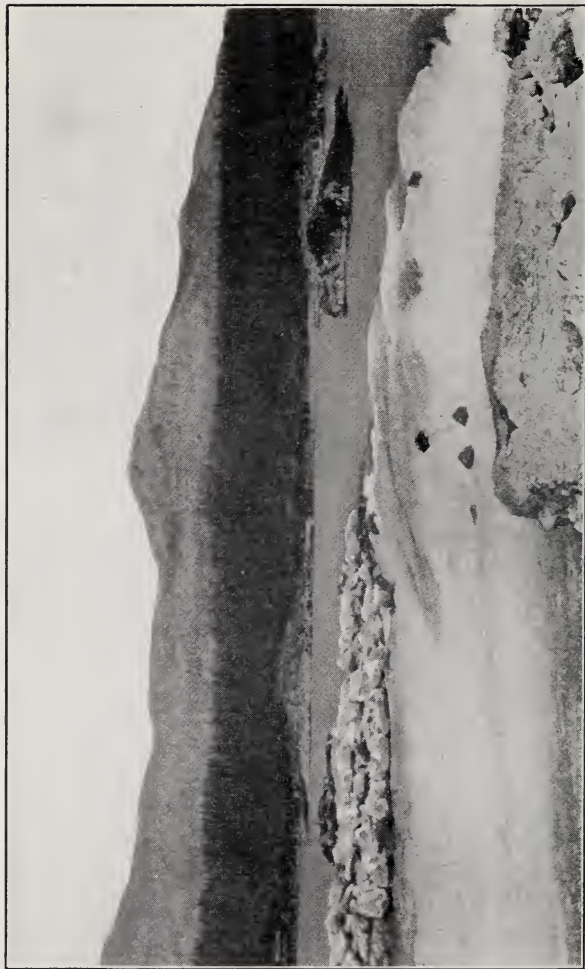
yan read the Bible until his language came to be the language of the Bible, as may be seen in "The Pilgrim's Progress," an allegory, in which human thought arose on Angelic wings, and took on the robes of holy writ. In Oregon, a large majority of the people have been Bible readers; and the ratio has been steadily increasing; hence the Bible element bids fair to grow in prominence with our people." * * * "Their songs floated along on zephyrs richly laden with aromas fresh from the field, and flower and forest, and were wafted heavenward with the prayers of the pioneers, to mingle forever in adoration to the God of the land and sea."

THE MISSIONARIES.

The missionary is God's appointed foreman. There can be no civilization anywhere until the missionary has gone forward as the vanguard. First the missionary, the Bible, then settlements, schools, commerce. Paul and Peter, were not more definitely sent out to the "regions beyond," with the gospel evangel, than were Lee and Whitman to the Indian tribes of the Oregon Country.

The coming of the missionary to Oregon was vital beyond human portrayal. It had in it the salvation of the heathen, and the salvation of the country.

The decade of the missionary history, from



THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER

Place where the legendary "Bridge of the Gods" is said to have existed.

From a photograph by Lee Moorhouse, Pendleton, Oregon.

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1834 to 1844, was the most important in all Oregon history. That decade settled the question of Americanizing the country. The work, the experience of those solitary men, here among the Indians, was most romantic, most pathetic. A remarkable coincidence between Lee and Whitman: Each rode across the continent in urgent appeals to the Government and church for Oregon. Each worked ten years here, and then fell a martyr to the work and the people—the noble Whitman, under the tomahawk and scalping knife, at his mission at Wialait Pu. Pathetic and perilous were all their life experiences. David Leslie, approaching the falls at Oregon City, his canoe is overturned, and he sees two daughters swept by the mighty current of the stream, over the falls and drowned. Again returning down the Columbia River from The Dalles mission, he ran the same great peril. His boat is overturned in the whirlpools at Cascades. Mrs. White was with him, but he saved himself and his companion by the aid of an Indian.

G. Hines was a whole week journeying by canoe from Oregon City to The Dalles in company with two Indian boys, in the dead of winter, sleeping on the ground every night by camp fire, and buffeting the snow and ice by day. Perils in the extreme. Ten years of peril, sacrifice, martyrdom, all this, to save Oregon to liberty and the people to God.

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FIRST PREACHING.

The first sermon ever preached west of the Rocky Mountains was preached at Ft. Hall on Snake River by Jason Lee, the missionary. He and his three companions reached that place on Saturday, and on Sunday, July 27th, 1834, in public service, planted the first Gospel seed.

In his journal, he says: "Repaired to the grove about half past three o'clock, for preaching, the first we had had since starting. By request of Captain McKay, a respectable number of our company, and nearly all of his, consisting of Indians and half breeds, Frenchmen, etc., a few of whom could understand the services, had gathered, and all were extremely attentive. I gave a short discourse from I Cor. 10-21: "Whether therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." O, that I could address the Indians in their own language!"

That was the seed planting; what a harvest it has borne! All of our civilized home life, Church, schools, commerce, was in that germ.

The first sermon preached within all of the present Eastern Oregon, was preached in my father's tent, in the Grande Ronde Valley. We came down that awful mountain, into the beautiful Grand Ronde, about the 1st of August, 1853; camped on the west side just at the base of the

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hills. There was a beautiful stream just where the town of LaGrande grew, 10 years later. Laying by for a rest, Sunday came, and all were invited to attend public worship in father's tent, the largest in the train; many could not get in, but were seated around. Rev. Laban Case preached the sermon. I don't remember either the text, or the hymns, much to my regret. There was another seed planting.

THE FIRST MEETINGS IN OUR SETTLEMENT.

Scarcely were our first log cabins built, when the "circuit rider," the Methodist preacher, came around.

The body of our cabin was up, and Father was in the woods riving clap boards to cover it with. Over the hill, down the trail, came riding a gentleman on horseback. He had a large and beautiful horse; good saddle; something swinging across the saddle behind and buckled underneath to the cinche—sort of a leather carry-all, or a pair of them. The man was well dressed. I noticed he wore a "starched collar and a white necktie." Having seen all this, I ran into the tent and said to mother: "A man just rode up on the finest horse I ever saw, and he is surely some great man; maybe he's the Governor." (We had been told marvelous tales about 'Jo Lane,' Governor and In-

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dian fighter). “Won’t he have to come around and see all us new comers, and settle us on good claims?”

By this time the stranger had dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and was approaching the door. Tipped his hat and saluted Mother, and said: “Hope you are getting well settled. Heard you had come in—thought I’d come around and get acquainted, for I hear you are of our people. My name is Hines; the church has appointed me to the Upper Willamette Valley for a circuit, and bidden me look up the ‘lost sheep of the house of Israel’—they call me the flock tender, hereabouts. I preach in some school houses, but mostly in the log cabins of the people. Can I leave an appointment, and come and preach in your house?” My mother welcomed him, most heartily, promised him the use of our cabin upon a certain Sunday in the coming month. Gave him Father’s and her own name; and told father in the evening that “we had a church organized.” Rev. Joseph Hines was our first pastor, and this the first visit of a preacher to our home in Oregon.

“OLD LADY” MASON.

Not long after this, a good old neighbor lady called—we had not yet moved into our cabin. We had heard of “Old Lady Mason.” She came early

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one morning, and began to talk before she got within 50 yards of the tent door. "Wal' howdy do? jest thout I'd come over and git acquainted with ye; I'm yer neighbor over across the stream thar. Been in the kintry since '47 and seen hard times, cartin. Won't be that away with youons. Our first sack of flour cost us \$20, but my husband paid for it at one day's haulin' with the yoke of steers. But I'm not gittin' to my irrend. I wanted to tell you that our preacher has promised to come and hold meetin's 'mong us next fall, and preach in our cabin. Jest had a few preachin's in the whole region of the kintry since our comin'. We are meetin' people, and hope youons are. We b'l' eve in the kind of religion Peter Cartwright used to preach in Missouri. When a man gets it he'll know it, an' will make a different person uv yer; the kind ye kin sing and shout and praise God with!" O, how it cheered Mother's heart to meet that good old Christian neighbor. "Old Lady Mason" was always a welcome visitor in our home. She looked so much like our Grandmother, left in Illinois. Mother told her of the appointment of Brother Hines, for preaching in our cabin home next month, and they rejoiced together over the prospect. She agreed to work with Father and Mother in the neighborhood for a congregation and a church.

The first Sunday in June came and the preacher

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came. The people also, from far and near. Not a family in five miles but that was at that meeting. Our cabin could not hold the half of the people. Some seats on logs, were provided close about the door, and many sat on the ground. Our seats within the house were of the rudest kind, made of split logs, laid on blocks of wood. Joseph Hines was a good preacher, at times great. That day he announced that old communion hymn:

“And are we yet alive
And see each other’s face?
Thanks and praise to Him belong,
For His redeeming grace.
Preserved by power divine,
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus’ praise we join,
And in his sight appear.”

The preacher had a splendid voice for song. The people, how they did sing—memories of the days, and of the worship far away. The hollowed hush of God’s presence at this first meeting here in the wilderness—the glory that shone all around, all was inspiring. Tears overflowed, and rolled down many a cheek. Brother Hines took the text, Gen. 12-7, “Unto thy seed will I give this land. And there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him.” The application of the subject was most practical. The obligation upon us all to build altars unto the Lord in this fair land of promise, the direct gift of God to us, His pilgrim

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people. Religious home life for Oregon. This day was soul reviving, vital every way. Church life was begun with us, in the wild west.

CAMP FIRE RELIGION.

Around that camp fire, in the open yard, before we moved into the cabin, we used to sit and sing the old hymns of religion. The neighbors would gather in, especially my Uncle George and family, and what song service we did have those summer nights. "My-me, it was enough to astonish the natives;" it did attract the natives, for they often came about and sat and listened, just as long as the singing went on. Those emigrants could sing. They were often quite illiterate, but all of them had the voice, and the spirit of song, and scarcely an hour of the day but some voice was heard singing some song of praise. The old standard hymns were sung. A great favorite with my Uncle was:

"There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale, or mountain;
A spot for which affections tear,
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Tho' that is almost heaven;
'Tis where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven."

That distant "spot," memories of the heavenly meetings of the far away—the presence of God—all these were soul melting.

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And another old hymn was always sung, whether at our meetings, or around the camp. I must give it here in full:

You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.
You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn—
Of the sky's softening graces when the day is just done;
But there's no other season of time can compare
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.
You may value the friendship of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.
You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss;
Take away every other, and give me but this.
Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord;
I will turn to thee often, to hear from His word;
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above."

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

This, more than any other thing, marked and characterized these times. There was religion there without formalism; fervent worship, without fanaticism; bible reading, song and prayer attended the coming and going of the day, and made the home an embryo church. There could be no better type or prefigure of it.

I gladly speak of the home of Father Kelly

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(Rev. Clinton Kelly) as illustrative. Clinton Kelly was of Kentucky birth and education. His education (elementary) was like that of the "mill boy of the slashes," who became the Kentucky Appolos; dug out of a few elementaries at the log cabin school house, and by the pine knot fire at home. His religion, burned with the holy fire, that inspired the times, and made those forests of the Cumberland, veritable temples of God. He came to Oregon in 1848 and settled on the donation claim, two miles east of the little village of Portland. There grew up a large family. There grew a home, which for hospitality, Christian life and influence for every good, was ideal. That influence affected the church, and whole community, and the very city itself, as it grew up around it.

Bishop Kavanaugh once visited that home. He had been associated with Clinton Kelly in their early ministry in Kentucky. At the hotel in Portland he asked the landlord if he knew Clinton Kelly. "O, yes; everybody knows Kelly." He was taken out to the home next day, was cordially greeted and found a pleasant home with his friends of other days. The Bishop says of the house: "The sitting room was 30 feet square, 900 square feet—requiring 100 yards of carpet to cover it. But so extensive a drain on the carpet makers was obviated by dispensing with the useless article."

Looking about the place, the Bishop saw a

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large pile of potatoes, and asked as to how many there were. "About 6000 bushels." "Are these all you have?" "All but about 12 acres," was the reply. When asked as to how many vegetables he had on the place, "Well, about enough to feed a colony," was his reply.

At bed time the members of the family were called in and the old man arose and repeated; "Jesus, great shepherd of the sheep, to thee for help we fly; Thy little flock in safety keep, for, O, the wolf is nigh;" with apologies to Bishop Kavanaugh, of course, who was called on to pray.

The next morning the hymn was:

"Jesus shall reign where e'er the sun,
Doth his successive journeys run."

At his home in Kentucky the Bishop said of him: "Clinton Kelly has grown rich in Oregon, but has maintained his faith and piety." Dr. Richmond Kelly, M. D., of Portland, is a product of that home; and could he be other than the grand man he is? Penumbra Kelly, his brother, also one of Oregon's grandest sons.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Sunday School was in that old log school house where my Mother taught our first school. To that place each Sabbath through the summer of 1855 came the people from all directions, most of

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them afoot. Father Newton walked (generally) four miles, to superintend that school. The Pearsons and Hinkles and some others from the settlement, about four miles still beyond. Our walk was two miles. Our books and whole outfit consisted of the Bible, and the old fashioned hymn book without notes, most of them; just what we brought from the old home in the states. But the lessons were studied; verses were memorized. Souls were converted.

Our house continued to be the preaching place for some years. After the pastorate of Brother Hines, came Brother Dillon, and again Rev. Nehemiah Doane.

At the first coming of Brother Doane, he prayed with us, read the twenty-third psalm and said: "Here is the great shepherd watching over the flock, and leading us all, just as in Illinois. O, let us trust Him."

Some Indians came often to our meetings. Hearing us sing:

"There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day;
O, we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free,
Lord we shall live with Thee, blessed ever more."

They wanted to learn that hymn, so mother taught them to sing in "jargon." Indeed, we all sang in that language, at times, and did much of our talking about the home.

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ITINERATING.

The itinerant preacher: The pathfinder, trail maker, cabin home hunter, stream swimmer, preacher to the many or the few along the trails, sleeping on the pile of brush or the straw tick, sitting at the rude table to the coarse wheat cake and venison stew: The Oregon "circuit rider," always ready for any peril or sacrifice!

"Father Helm," then in the prime of life, was serving the Yamhill charge—living in Salem. This was in 1846. He had to go over for the Sabbath meeting, and he invited Brother Parish to ride over with him, and preach for him. Parish had just arrived in the country. It took all the day to get into the North Yamhill neighborhood and reach the home of a Brother Smith. Brother Helm often stopped there. They arrived late and were hungry, for they came through without dinner. Into that large cabin home they were heartily welcomed. Sister Smith went on with her preparation for supper. The big stone chimney was fire place and cook stove combined. She brought forward a skillet, black coffee pot, etc. The pickled pork fried in open pan. Baked some coarse wheat meal cakes in the skillet, and for coffee, had roasted peas. While the preparation of that supper for the preachers was going on, two hound dogs lay close in by the fire, and as the meat, etc., came on

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the fire, got quite too intimately near several times. Brother Parish was watching, as well as wishing, and while waiting, appetite diminished greatly. When supper was called and all were seated about that rude table, without spread, the blessing asked most fervently by Brother Parish, he then asked to be excused; showed sign of faintness. He got out of the house. After supper was over Brother Helm went out seeking the absent preacher. When Brother Parish said: "For conscience sake Brother Helm, how could you go that supper?" "My dear man, I had to go it; I just shut my eyes and hardened my heart, and took it. You'll get used to that kind of fare; cheer up now, the Lord sent Israel both the manna and the quails, we may have a change tomorrow."

Dr. Hines once said of these itinerants: "There is a strange kinship between the missionary and the mountaineer. They are built on the same original model. The man who would search the longest and the most daringly for the grizzly bear in his den or the lion in his lair as a mountaineer, would hunt the longest for the lost soul of the worst sinner, as a missionary. The man who as a missionary will penetrate the farthest forest among the most degraded of men to set up the banner of his loved Christ and bring men to it, as a mountaineer will find the dimmest trails of the wild beasts and follow them to their wildest lairs, or climb the

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highest and stormiest peaks for outlook, and swim the coldest, iciest rivers to find the ashes of his camp fire. There was no spot the true missionaries of the Northwest loved better than the camp of the mountaineer, where he was always welcome to the softest blanket and the juiciest roast; unless it were the altar of his own camp meeting, where he would welcome the brother of his heart from the mountain camp not only to the most nutritious viands, but to that bread and water which giveth life to the world."

THE FREEDOM OF FRONTIER TIMES.

I am reminded of a "bit of experience," while pastor of the church in Salmon City, Idaho. This perfectly illustrates the frankness of frontier times, and the open-hearted generosity which often brought extremes together.

Captain John Rawlins was commandant of the "G. A. R." post located there. He was with the heroic army on the field of Gettysburg; kept, at this time, the largest saloon in the town.

On the day before my starting for the Annual Conference, "Capt. John" came to me and said: "I want you to eat dinner with me today at the hotel; we may not meet again soon. I have made special preparation." I heartily thanked him, and asked: "And who will be present?" "Yer honor,

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me, and 'Baldey,' and three spring chickens; ain't that enough?" 'Baldey' was the drayman and garbage-tender of the community, an old "comrade" and special associate. Called "Baldey" by everybody because he had lost all his hair.

Dinner was ready on time, and all the invited guests were present. That table was a wonder! There were dishes of all pioneer reminders, grapes, peaches and all fruits, which had reached that mountain town; and, of course, the "three spring chickens"—one for each of us. The flow of good humor and fellowship was the equal of the meal. The Captain told of some of his adventures, and then thanked me again for my address before them on "Decoration Day"—got my promise to "write often," and then gave my hand such a farewell shake as causes the blood to flow warm whenever I recall it.

AN INCIDENT.

A dear old Christian lady, a pioneer of 1851, told me the following story:

In some parts of Oregon there was constant fear of hostile Indians. There was constant danger. Not always on the war path, but always pillaging and murdering. When finally they began to have preaching in the community, the men actually carried their guns with them as they

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went to church Sunday morning. They always stacked them in the corner of the old log school house, back of the door.

One Sunday the meeting was in progress. The preacher was delivering a very fervent discourse. Suddenly the voices of many hounds were heard, "yelp, yelp," nearer, nearer; on they came—every hunter present knew what it meant. They knew that a deer was ahead of those hounds. And they could not resist the temptation, or let that kind of opportunity go by. Each man who had a gun on hand, made for it; and was soon out to the margin of the clearing ready for the game. And all the people followed out into the yard to see the sport. One old lady had kept her seat. The preacher, greatly discouraged (he had preached there several times without results), looked down on the vacant benches, and with a sigh, he said: "O, dear me, it's all to no purpose—no use trying." But the dear old woman spoke up: "O, don't be discouraged, Brother, I think they'll get him; I think they'll get him."

CAMP MEETINGS.

And now let us go down to the camp meeting and sit for a while around the camp fire with those pioneers, and learn what triumphs they had in their battles for the Lord.

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The most beautiful camp ground I ever saw was situated on the Mary's River, a tributary of the Willamette, and about four miles southwest of Corvallis. There was a grove all varied in forest shade; the fir, pine, maple, balm, dogwood and ash. In June, all were at their best.

A clearing of about three acres made a veritable amphi-theatre, encircled by the uncleared heavy forest. There was built in the center, the platform for pulpit, and overhead a sloping shed, open to front, enclosed at the rear, making a place for the preachers to study and sleep. In front of the platform was the seating for the congregation. These seats were made of split logs, slabs or plank lying across logs, cut for the purpose. Some times a shed or tabernacle was made, covering the seating. The tents were pitched all around the outer rim of the clearing; just back of each tent were the cooking fires and long tables.

The preparations were all made several days before the meeting began. On the opening day came the families out. The ox wagon with "mother and the children" and all the arrangements for eating and sleeping.

The meeting usually lasted ten days, and opened on Thursday. The wives had baked and boiled for days, and had loads of bread and pies and hams of meat, prepared ahead. O, those camp meeting dinners! The long table was spread for twice the

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number of the families, a dozen or fifteen at a sitting. When the meal was ready, then the boys or father would make the "round up," and if anybody was found on the ground without provision, they were invited. The hospitality of those times was marvelous. Our first camp meeting came in the summer of 1855. As Father drove his ox wagon to the edge of the clearing we heard the voice of preaching. The team was left standing and all went into the congregation. An old local preacher by the name of Miller was preaching. His text was: "The way of the transgressor is hard." Some were smitten in conscience at that first service, and "went forward to seek pardon of sin." To that meeting came the Belknaps, the Stars, the Gilberts, the Dimmicks and nearly all the "Belknap settlement." The Christian people of those times were religious, very religious. They were fervent in everything they did. They made religion a business. They sang and prayed and shouted with that spirit of fervency. Religion was the very life of the times. But there was a direct opposite of this—the pronounced ruffian element. The "rowdies," as they were called, were just as determined and reckless a set of men as were ever marshalled by the Devil. When the night meetings were over (or long before, sometimes) then rowdyism was rampant. At times pandemonium seemed turned loose.

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You would agree with DeFoe:

“Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be seen upon investigation,
The Devil has the larger congregation.”

Rev. Thomas H. Pearne came to that meeting; also Waller and York and Clark and others. Mighty sermons were preached. Pearne was a master in the pulpit. He was a master of logic—of eloquence—and there was scarce any resistance of his appeals. I have seen whole congregations swayed by his sermons until no one seemed conscious of earthly surroundings. A great leader was he.

At a time early in this meeting—the victory had not come yet as he expected it—for, though many were “almost persuaded,” yet God’s hand was not seen clearly. After the sermon, Pearne gave a most stirring exhortation. He appealed to the Christian people to cease to rely upon human agencies and to get hold of God—“God must come down among us, in answer to reliant faith. God, or no victory. It was so at Waterloo, Wellington thought he saw the battle turning against him. And taking his watch in hand (the preacher did the same), he said: “If Blucher is not here within half an hour, the day is lost.” But Blucher and the Prussian army did not come. Then Wellington turned to Almighty God, and cried loudly

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for help. The victory was in the hands of the Almighty, "who pulleth down one and setteth up another." But Blucher came on the rear and just at God's appointment, he rolled back the scourge of Europe and set peace on the throne, that men might know that God ruleth over all." The people got down on their knees and cried mightily to God—took their work wholly to Him—and such praying! On and on it went for hours that night, until peace came—conscious that they'd put the case right before God. Aye, that was the turning point. Victory came in at every meeting. Men and women sought the Lord by scores, and deep and sincere was the repentance of sinners. What glorious conversions. "The windows of heaven seemed to open, and great blessings poured out, that were not able to be received."

Such scenes, such victories are glorious, but beyond human pen or tongue to describe. O, those old invitation hymns, how they used to melt sinners down, especially this one:

"Come ye sinner, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus's ready, stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power."

And another: "I will arise and go to Jesus."

There was singing, etc., on that camp ground that seemed to bring heaven and earth together.

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A wonderful leader was Miss A. Dimick. She seemed to have the voice of a whole choir, all attuned by the spirit of God. A great leader—not a “soloist.” We hadn’t learned the need of a piano and soloist, in revivals then. A leader of the singing host of the Lord. What could prevent a victory, with such preaching, such praying, such alleluiah singing, such consecration as that?

TRAGIC SCENES.

The victory was just simply God’s promised reward. The conditions are always the same. “The slain of the Lord were many.” The whole upper Willamette Valley felt the influence of that meeting. The last night of the meeting a most tragic scene occurred. The ruffians had annoyed all they possibly dared and had seemed to grow worse and more daring. The last night came—something desperate must be done. One of their leaders cut a club fully two feet long, and as large as a man could throw a distance of 100 feet. He said to his crowd—just lurking in the brush near by: “I’ll put a stop to that hallelujah business, if I have to kill the preacher.” So he approached the pulpit shed from the rear where it was dark. The whole congregation were standing in front and about the platform and the seating—just as dense a body as possible to stand together.

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The ruffian aimed to throw the club over the shed and light it right down in that dense crowd. It struck the upper edge of that roof and then glanced over, and right down on the heads of the people. It struck length-wise along side of a preacher's head—Old Brother Miller. He was knocked down, and lay senseless. Was thought to be dead. Carried to his tent and nursed back to life during the night. Arrest? You might as well have sent the officer to the dark under world for a law breaker as to try to find that one. Surely those men had "eaten the apples of Sodom, and drank of the nectar of Bacchus."

ANOTHER CAMP SCENE.

At one of Father Wilbur's camp meetings, somewhere on the Umpqua, the ruffian gang turned out in full force. They had a wagon loaded with liquors, and set up their "chebang" as near to the camp ground as the "law would allow." The meeting was the characteristic gospel thunder kind. Brother R. Booth was there to preach, also Brother F. Royal. If those oaks and cottonwoods along the Umpqua were a phonograph, what sermons, songs and praises could you hear repeated from their leafy foliage today.

Rowdieism went high at that meeting. After some days of forebearance, and Father Wilbur

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was preaching one afternoon, some of the gang came into the congregation, half drunk—took seats and began to laugh and to greatly disturb the meeting. Wilbur thought that the limit was reached. He left the pulpit; told the preachers “to sing something”—quietly walked off in the direction of the “lodge.” He approached so stealthily that he took them wholly by surprise. At his first dash he reached a whisky bottle, sitting on the front, and with it began to break all the other bottles in sight. The two men—owners of the outfit—leaped on him, but he knocked them right and left, and went on demolishing, until he had about finished their whole stock. Then deliberately ordered the men to move off the ground immediately, and show up no more. They took Wilbur’s friendly advice and moved right off. Returning to the grounds, his face and the bosom of his shirt smeared with blood, he went on with his sermon as coolly as if nothing had transpired to disturb his thoughts.

That hero of the pulpit, was the equal of Peter Cartwright for occasions of border ruffianism.

FATHER WALLER.

Father Waller is too well remembered to need more than a recall to mind, from me. I remember him best as he was associated with Willamette

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University, as agent. I had my finishing years of college there. As an agent he was ever on the move—a self appointed disciplinarian for the students.

J. L. Carter and myself used to do much studying together. Our rule on hours was, study until 10 o'clock, then up at 5 in the morning. We thought seven hours enough for sleep.

Father Waller would come around: "Now, young gentlemen, what are your habits for sleep and study?" We spoke of the "great regularity" of our 10 o'clock and 5 o'clock arrangement. "No, boys, you are losing much precious time, I never was in bed more than six hours, when in college. You must get up at 4 o'clock in the morning."

He was "headed off" once—and it went down on the records. Somebody (of course students) had, on hallowe'en, made a raid through the town. Sign board on tailor shop had been carried away. Next day the tailor hurried off to the college, reported the matter to the faculty, and Father Waller. Inquiry was made to no purpose. But Waller was bent on his purpose to discover the perpetrators, thought he knew, and proposed a visit to their room in the evening. The young men had caught the breeze. Some of the boys had their evening Bible reading and their prayers; they knew Waller's respect for worship. So when they heard his footsteps coming in the hall, one

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of the boys began to read aloud. (The other was busy burning the sign—for kindling in the stove). Read in the Bible where the Lord said to the Jews, "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, but there shall no sign be given them," etc., then kneeled to pray. Waller, of course listened (recollected a little, too, perhaps), turned about and went away home.

Father Waller was a great man. When he fell, his Church sustained a great loss. "In memoriam" Rev. J. N. Dennison, wrote a beautiful poem, a stanza only, I give here:

"LET ME INTO REST ETERNAL."

(Lines hastily composed on hearing of the last words of Father A. F. Waller.)

"Let me into rest Eternal."

'Twas a warrior bowed his head,
One that in life's many battles,
Had long years the conflict led.
In storm, in strife, in din or dark array,
With foes of mighty power and hellish mein;
But now the sword is sheathed; he's going home
Where rest is found. How blest the scene."

The Author of this poem, I first saw in Salem. We had many a mile of travel together afterwards, and many a victory in our battles for the Lord.

WILLAMETTERS.

Among my student friends here, were C. B. Moores, H. H. Hewett, Mart Chamberlain, M. L.

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Jones. A. A. Bonney, J. K. Buff and a host of the best young men and women of Oregon; many of whom have become prominent. Here, for the first time I met Prof. L. J. Powell. He was master of mathematics, and seemed to be master of almost every thing. I am reminded of a question asked me—just a short time ago, by an old Oregonian. We were talking of the grand natural beauty. “Have you ever climed Mt. Hood,” he asked. “Well, the first man that ever clim plum to the top of that ’ere Mounten was Prof. L. J. Powell. He said to me—summer of 1858—‘you know I’ve seen Mt. Hood grow from nothing, and now before it gets any taller, I’m going to the top of it.’”

I told him that four of us neighbors would join in. He promised to guide us safely up. We tried hard to keep up, but Powell beat us to the top, but, for certain we all got “thar.” That man was Stalwart, and his power was felt in the school, the pulpit and the home.

DR. DRIVER.

Dr. Driver, the pulpit logician, Gospel declaimer,—scholarly, versatile. Did you ever sit around the camp fire with him, listening to an evening talk? Did you ever spend an evening with him in his home, or entertain him a night in

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your own home? Then you know something of what I call a rich conversational treat. He was a real "Suigeneris"—stood alone, as to class, for there was none like him. He was once pastor of the church in Jacksonville. He undertook the building of a church, and made a canvass of the whole community, soliciting. A majority of the people were miners, saloon men and gamblers. Driver entered one of the large saloons, and asked for subscriptions. Two men were gambling at a table. Being approached, they said: 'Yes, Mr. Driver, just sit down there and wait until the game is up, then whatever amount is won by either of us, we will turn it over to you.' "Agreed!" The results showed upwards of a hundred dollars on the table, all of which was turned over to help build the church.

GREAT PREACHERS.

Two of the ablest preachers of Oregon were Revs. Neill Johnson and Thomas H. Small, Through the fifties these men were a great evangelizing force. They were "true yoke fellows." In the Belpassi neighborhood, the summer of 1858, they held a meeting right in harvest time, that became a mighty revival. Every body that could get free attended the day meetings; the men worked in the field in the day time and attended the meetings at night. There in the old log school

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house, that meeting went on until that whole section of country felt its power; all opposition melted away like frost before the rising sun. Fifty or more people were converted and entered the work of the Lord to stay. Most all those have gone on ahead, following their gospel leaders, and have "joined the church triumphant in glory." Their songs were a rapturous chorus here—what must they be in heaven, where the congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths never end?

Uncle Neill Johnson—as he was familiarly called—was a sermonizer. I have heard him preach more sermons than any other man in Oregon, and I never heard a poor sermon from his lips—nothing like a failure. He was solid—forcible—warm hearted. Rev. T. H. Small and Rev. J. H. D. Henderson were pulpiteers—and when those men came together in their presbyteries, they were a revival host—a pulpit power, hard to find their equal.

"They tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

There were some very eccentric characters among the preachers of pioneer days. I never knew a more unique character than Rev. Joab Powell. He had a strength of character—a personality—a back-woods development, all his own. A pure product of nature. Every body called him

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"Uncle Joab"—and he was known far and near. He lived in the Santiam River country, but seemed to have the whole Willamette Valley for a circuit. He was one of God's frontier preachers, for frontier people. He was a host at the camp meetings. I saw him, and remembered him first when he used to come to Salem and preach. All the boys—as well as many others—would go to hear "Uncle Joab" preach. He would hold his meetings in the Court House. Some times, in the middle of his discourse, the boys would call out, "Now, Uncle Joab, sing us your favorite hymn." And he always responded by singing with his loud voice, with the nasal twang:

"The judgment day,
The judgment day,
Is rolling on;
Prepare, O, Prepare."

Then finish the sermon, and call for a collection. Once he made this statement to the boys, just before passing the hat: "You Salem boys say you would rather hear "Uncle Joab" than go to a monkey show; you know it will cost you "two-bits" to go to the monkey show, now fling in." And he got the "two-bit" pieces sure.

His influence over the people was remarkable. He had the true evangelizing power. Held a remarkable revival, the fall of 1861, on the French

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Prairie. His career was romantic—rugged—but a power for good.

“Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who come to scoff, remained to pray.”

Brother Kennoyer was a host for camp meeting preaching. I think I have heard his voice in the pulpit for half a mile, when approaching the ground, and he was preaching one of those camp meeting sermons to the people. How he did throw himself into the work, and he struck fire. Everybody listened when Kennoyer was preaching. Early in the fifties he and Brother Lichtenthaler traveled and held most of their meetings together. And great revivals attended their work. Perhaps no other two men in Oregon had greater success, in the number of conversions that attended their labors.

Brother Lichtenthaler was a true Boanerges, for certain—a frontier man—ideal. His sermons commanded attention, but were full of blunt and sarcastic things. He always began with the brimstone doctrine, and closed with the same. One would be reminded of the negro preacher, who was somewhat that way. Once, when he got to the “rousements” of the sermon, and wanted to “impress the sinners” pretty deeply, he said: “Bruders and Sisters, there am two roads what leads thru dis wold, one leads to hell, the other leads to purdidishin.” Up spoke a darkey in the con-

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gregation: "Hold on dare, Brudder, if that am so, dis darkey takes to de woods."

ECCENTRIC.

There were a few, not merely eccentric characters among the pioneer preachers, but some who were arrant and wild. One of that kind was preaching on the Tualatin plains. He came to the school house in the neighborhood of where Joe Meek lived. He preached on Sunday and every body turned out. The preacher got onto his "rampant" wild doctrine, and wild manner. When they had heard the ranter about an hour, Meek grew tired of it. He rose to his feet—a 220 pound man, and perfectly fearless—started towards the speaker. He took that rather small preacher under one arm, and balanced him over his hip, and as he went down the aisle he said: "I have never disturbed a religious meeting in my life, but I am going to bring this one to a close; you are all dismissed." He took that man out into the yard, and bid him not to return, unless he could give them something worth listening to.

A preacher of remarkable back-woods style, attended one of our camp meetings on Rock Creek. To call him eccentric, is not to describe him. His name was Yarlet. But he certainly was a singer of those times. On the borders of Arkansas he

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had held meetings, and he had those crude songs of the religious ecstasies—half negro—half white.

At the after meetings he produced powerful impressions sometimes, with his songs of glory; and when the whole congregation joined, a wave of salvation swept over the place. One of his strong holds was in singing:

“And we’ll cross the river of Jordan,
Happy, O, happy—happy in the Lord;
If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I’m coming too,
Happy in the Lord,” etc.

Sometimes, right in the middle of a song, he would stop short, mount a bench and for two or three minutes, his voice, and gesture manner would suggest a thunder bolt let loose. “Now, you prodigal sinners out thar in the furren land, starvin to death on corn shucks and livin with hogs, come home to yer father’s house, whar thars bread enough, and to spare.”

And then sing:

“While the Angels stand inviting,
The Angels stand inviting,
To welcome the prodigal home.”

CAMP MEETING PEOPLE.

The Oregon county had no better people than had settled about Rock Creek and the Molalla. I love to remember the annual meeting with these.

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There were the Boyntons, Morelands, Sanders, Owens, McGowans, More Dimmicks, and others, who's religious zeal was of the pioneer type.

"Father" Jessie Moreland was a leader, had a deep spiritual life, and often preached an able sermon from the pulpit.

Those hard working, intelligent, gospel inspired, soul loving preachers and pastors of those early days, did a work with which no part of Christian evangelism can show a brighter record, if indeed a parallel. No wonder the people revere those Christian heroes, who laid the foundations in godliness, for a stalwart commonwealth.

PASTORAL WORK.

I will speak of a characteristic case of pastoral visiting. It was given me by a man, who, at one time was a wild cow boy, on our borders; afterwards was converted, and became an "evangelist." This is the way he told it:

"God in His goodness sent a little preacher down to that country. One day we saw a man come riding across the prairie, singing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

He came to the ranch, got down and said: "Boys, I want you to put my pony up and feed him. I am a Methodist circuit rider, and have

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come out here to stay with you.” We had not asked him, and he did not wait for an invitation. I looked at him and loved him, but I was afraid to get close to him. My heart would not beat right. I was afraid to ride his horse to water for fear it would fall down and kill me. Brother, his horse was religious. His saddle bags would put you under conviction. When we sat down to eat and went to help ourselves as usual, he said, “Wait, men, I am going to ask a blessing.” Everything was as still as death, and he turned loose, and at once my mind went back to my boyhood, when I had heard the old father ask a blessing in the mountain home. The boys began to eat, and before they were through he said: “Now, men, don’t leave here until we have prayers. After supper we want to have prayers.” I was afraid to go. After supper he took his Bible, and sat down and read a chapter with a good deal about Hell in it. He read as long as he wanted to. He was boss of the devil. He got down on his knees and prayed just as loud as a man could, and just as long as he wanted to pray. He shook us over the very pit. I saw billows of Hell. My heart went awful fast, then it would seem to stop dead; it seemed like I was going to die. He told God about everything we had ever done—all the stealing, lying, fighting and cursing. He had the thing in hand. He never consulted us as to how

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long or how loud he should pray. He did it up exactly right. When prayers were over we were just barely able to walk out, but we got out as quickly as possible. The next morning the preacher asked the blessing again, and said, "Don't you boys go out until we have had prayers, then I will have to leave you (he talked as though it would nearly break our hearts) but I will be back in about a month." After breakfast he prayed until it nearly broke our hearts, then he got on his pony and rode away. About a month rolled around, and we got sort of anxious to see the man again. As mean as we were, when we saw a fellow that was straight, we respected him, and we just knew he was. He came again and acted about as he had the other time, but some of us didn't do just as we did before. When he was through the evening prayer, I went out with the boys; told them that prayer had been down on my nerves for a month, I couldn't bear it any longer, that I would quit then and there the blasphemous life I was living. Then went into the bushes and told it all to God. I tell you, before the next day dawned, I was a changed man." Many a faithful pastor found the stars for his crown, out there among the roughest of men.

PERSONAL CONTACT.

In 1870-71 I was teaching school in Walla

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Walla. The Methodist Church held its quarterly conference. Rev. H. K. Hines was presiding elder, and Rev. H. C. Jenkins, preacher in charge. They called me into the council, and said: "Brother Kennedy, we think you ought to preach the gospel. Will you accept license and go to work?" Of course I had done the thinking about it before. I replied immediately: "Yes, if you will bear the responsibility, and stand for the damages that may follow."

Soon after that a protracted meeting began in the old mission church at that place. The pastor told me, one evening, at the close of the meeting, that I must preach the next night. "No, you must excuse me Brother Jenkins, I have never preached a sermon in my life, your meeting is growing, and now needs the best preaching." "I am older in the work than you are," he replied, "and know the meeting better, and I know the expectations of the church in you; you must preach." That settled the matter. I went home to think and pray, and study.

FIRST SERMON.

Before breakfast next morning, the Lord had given the text, Rom. 1-16. "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. It is the power of God, unto salvation, to every one that believeth." Into

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the grove I went, with my Bible, formed my outlines, and went at the preparation in dead earnest. On my knees with the Bible, before God, I had the struggle of my life. Every temptation came before me. "What if this was not God's plan?" "What if I should miserably fail?" "What if the meeting should fail on my hands?" No one but the young preacher approaching the pulpit for the first time, can feel such a burden.

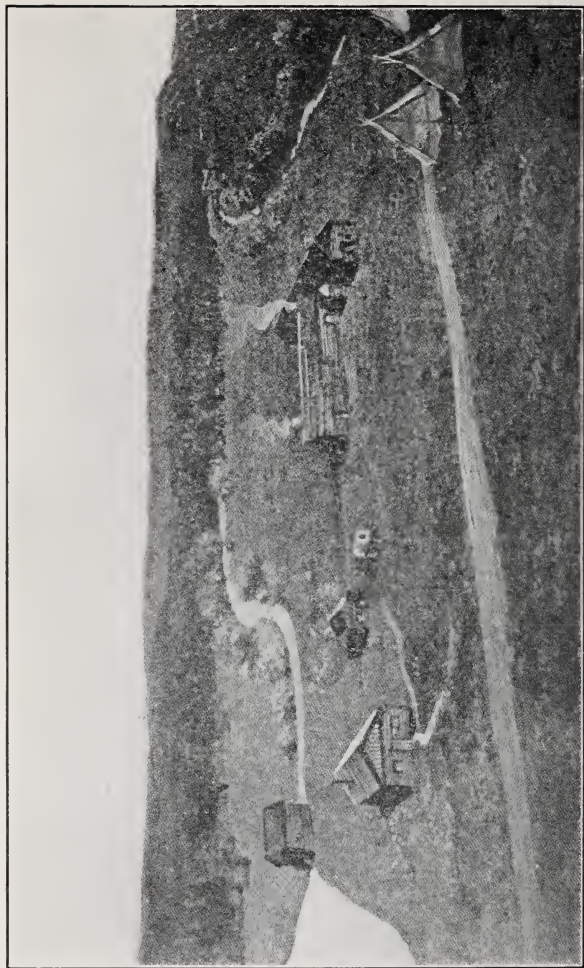
Father and Mother were with me, and we had to walk a mile to church that night. I had told them what was on my mind. We got in late. The church was crowded. Scarce standing room in the aisles. I crowded through, walked onto the platform, and went down on my knees behind the pulpit. I had promised the Lord all day that if he would give me liberty and help me to preach that sermon, I would always after preach his word. In a moment, kneeling there, that cloud and burden was lifted, and I had the victory. O, how the holy spirit did take that poor sermon of mine, and put his inspiration into it, and his power under it, and make it a power of God, to souls that night! The little that I had put into it was so augmented by the divine. I seemed like a Gideon, shorn of his army, yet working out a great victory. There was victory in my soul and my purpose, and victory in all that meeting that night.

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CAMP MEETING.

Our camp meeting that summer came in June, and was held at the old grounds on Mill Creek, five miles above Walla Walla. There was a very large attendance of people. The old veterans of the pulpit were there, and we "raw recruits" joined them, making the pulpit force very large. Quite a number of the young men had been put into the work that year. There I heard Dr. L. A. Banks preach his first sermon. There wasn't in him then the prophecy of his remarkable career.

That meeting was a triumph. Commensurate with the beginning of the meeting, was the awakening of souls; and that awakening grew to the most intense inquiry. The altar was filled with "seekers," night after night. All plan for regular hours for closing was given up, under the press of "inquiring souls." On Sunday night, quite a number were forward for prayer. There was a tardiness about getting into the life giving light. Late, the benediction was pronounced, and most of the people retired. Most of those seeking souls remained in prayer, determined to get the victory. Some of us remained to pray and exhort and sing. And the meeting went on. One after another "came through." Shouts were heard, and the songs went on, and the meeting continued until every one of those struggling ones was brought



HOME OF DR. MARCUS WHITMAN AT WAILATPU AND SCENE
OF THE MASSACRE

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out into the "light and liberty of the children of God." Such shouting of triumph I had never before seen the equal. The sun rose over a new day, and still that meeting didn't close, for we went on singing the triumph of new born souls among the camps of the people.

ANOTHER.

Another camp meeting, held the same year, on the Touchet River, four miles beyond Waitsburg. An equally large attendance there. Rev. A. J. Joslyn and myself went up to help Brother J. H. Adams, preacher in charge. That meeting ran over two Sundays, and when finally it closed, there was not left a single person on the ground, that had not become a Christian.

That year, 1871, in August, our conference was held in Portland, Bishop Janes presided. I attended, and was admitted as a "licentiate." In my class there were John N. Denison, W. T. Chapman, A. J. Joslyn, Ira Ward, J. M. Luark and F. D. Winton. Some of these made noble records in after years.

I continued teaching in Walla Walla, until the next conference. Summer of 1872 I taught the school called the "Old Mission District"—Whitman Mission—called then, Waiiletpu. As a missionary to the Cayuse Indians, Dr. Whitman set-

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tled there, in 1836, and continued until the awful massacre of November 29th, 1847. That awful afternoon the Doctor, his wife and eleven others fell under the murderous tomahawk, thus baptizing the soil of Oregon with their blood, to the cause of Gospel truth. When I stood first on that sacred spot, where yet is the coal and ashes of their burnt mission, and looked just beyond the road to the mound heaped over the thirteen fallen heroes, what memories—what reflections—what communion of soul, bore me away to those scenes of missionary devotion to save a heathen race, and to sacred fellowship with that martyr company! I seemed still treading in the footsteps of the noble Whitman, and to hear still his voice, “turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die, O, wandering people?” If it is ever your privilege, go and stand by that monument, now marking the spot. There is something about a monument, peculiar to itself. It sanctifies the place. With Moses at the “Burning Bush,” you feel the impulse to remove your sandals, “for the place whereon you tread is holy ground.” Monumental inscriptions are history in epitomy. Here are recorded the deeds of the heroic; great man, great places, and times.

Our conference was held in Salem that year where Bishop Foster appointed me to the Yakima Circuit, in Washington.



OLD FORT DALLES

THE PIONEER CAMPFIRE

FIRST CHARGE.

The circuit embracing the whole Yakima Valley, beyond the Indian Reservation, what is now the territory of two counties. Some of our people had gone up into that wild country to settle, and probably twenty families had gone in. I was sent to organize the church among them.

Father Wilbur was an Indian agent and missionary at Simcoe. He met me in the aisle of the church, put his big arms around me and lifted me clear off my feet. "Yes, Brother George," he said, "I see you are to go to Yakima and live among us Indians. I've known you since you were big as a jackrabbit; come along with me, I'll see you through." And I did go along with him and the Indian preachers.

OLD FORT DALLES.

At The Dalles, Father Wilbur was called back to Portland by telegram, and George Waters (Indian preacher) journeyed on with me. It was Saturday, and we expected to make Goldendale, and there remain over Sunday. Night came on, and soon my Indian guide was wholly bewildered. I was conscious that we were lost in the mountains. During the night we finally blundered into an Irishman's cabin and on awakening him and ask-

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ing him if we could stay all night, he replied that we could if we would "slape ourselves and ate ourselves," which we did, sleeping on a single blanket with another for cover. For our supper we had the memory of the good dinner in The Dalles. We asked our bill next morning, and our kind Irish host said: "And do ye think oi would charge gentlemen for slapin on my floor? By shore, if ye iver come this way agin, I will trate ye in a moir dacent manner." We saddled our horses, and rode five miles up to Goldendale for breakfast. There we found a few Christian people, and the most cordial entertainment over Sunday. The Indian (Brother Waters) preached in the morning, and I preached in the evening.

Early Monday morning found us in the saddle; and the journey of the day brought us to Ft. Simcoe, Indian Agency, where we were welcomed by "Mother Wilbur."

I crossed the reservation the next day, and before sunset was at the home of Brother J. B. Dickerson, on the Attanum, with whom I was to have two years' service on the Yakima work.

AN INCIDENT.

Dr. H. K. Hines, presiding elder, came over soon, to hold my first quarterly meeting. There was just one school house in all that country, and

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we held meeting in that. Out from those log cabin homes came the people, and that school house could not seat the half of them, but they stood around, looked through the windows, and so got to hear the Gospel preached. A very amusing circumstance occurred on Saturday when the congregation was not so large. Brother Hines was preaching—a dog from one of the homes had followed in, and lay down near the stand. But while we were hoping for good behavior on the part of the canine, lo, a cat appeared. True to his instincts, the dog made a dash for the cat, and the cat jumped on the desk, and next leaped through the window, smashing the glass to smithers. The dog turned toward the door and went yelping out to chase the poor cat away into the brush. Referring to it afterwards, Dr. Hines said that that was the most “dogmatical” and “categorical” discourse that he had ever preached in his life.

FRONTIER.

I found the home life, and everything else, in the Yakima country, as much frontier as the Willamette Valley had been when we found it in the early fifties. There were not a dozen houses in the whole country, what now embraces two counties, that had any floor but the “mother earth.” Of course I except the small town of

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Yakima, then a hamlet of fifty people. And all the buildings there were of the crudest nature. The homes were log-cabins, generally only one room; a chimney fire for both warming and cooking. And O, the living! well there was variety—no two meals alike. Often the bread was of coarse wheat meal, ground on a coffee mill; wild meat, sometimes fish was plenty and sometimes venison. Also prairie chickens were caught in traps, and these were a splendid substitute for “yellow-legs.” Wild berries were abundant in their season. There was always one kind of relish present, and it made everything good,—the relish of a good appetite.

There was not a bridge over any of those streams, nor a ferry, when I first went in there. The Yakima River was swimming to a horse, about half the year. Our ferry boat was an Indian canoe. There were regular established ferries, by the Indians. You must unsaddle the horse, put rigging and yourself into the canoe, and then tie a rope to the horse's neck, and cordel him over after the canoe. Those Cayuse horses were perfectly at home in the swimming, and there was no trouble about that. But when the river was thought to be fordable, and you went in, not being fully acquainted with the ford, then is when the danger came. One time on such an occasion, my pony got into the current, wet me to the waist and filled my saddle bags full of water. I assure you I

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thanked God for that deliverance—didn't care a moment for my wetting,—but O, my wet books!

ADVENTURES.

Pretty late in the fall of '72, learning the boundaries of my work, I sent an appointment up to the Kittitas Valley, for a two days' meeting. The time came. The distance from the lower valley to the Kittitas was forty miles, and over mountains and canyons all the way, without settlement. I arrived in the borders of the upper valley late; it began to grow dark, I knew not which of the many trails to take. After wandering about until near midnight, I came upon a place something like a house. I called, went to the door and knocked. The voice within asked as to who was there, and learning who, recognized my name, and very soon I was let into a comfortable cabin. Asked me if I wished some supper, "for it is now past midnight, and you must be hungry." Yes, I was hungry, had had no dinner, save a piece in my pocket, and had traveled full sixty miles. After supper, I lay down to sleep at about two o'clock, on a buffalo robe. In the morning I asked Mr. Reed, where in the valley we could get a place for preaching. "Well," he said, "we have neither church nor school house, but there is a store building over in the center of the valley, where we have met for

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dances, in the upper room or loft of the log store. They call it Robbers Roost, I think you can get permission to preach there. Don't get scared at the name. The owner is a pretty good kind of a man.'" We mounted our horses, and rode over; found the proprietor, announced my business, and obtained permission to use the hall, at all times "when it was not engaged for dances." There I began my work, on the identical spot, where afterwards grew the City of Ellensburg. The store was always open—Sundays—and all days alike. While preaching my first sermon, just under my feet and not fourteen feet below me, in that store, two men half drunk, got into a fight—howled and swore, and then dragged each other into the street and had it out. My audience sat still and I continued my discourse through, by the help of the Lord, without a break.

There I preached in "Robbers Roost" for two years. I always had the attention of the people, and their high appreciation.

THE CAMPFIRE BOY AGAIN.

Mid-way between the upper and the lower valley, there is a remarkable canyon, called the Umptanum. I always had to cross it going to my Kittitas appointment. It seemed like going into the depth of the earth almost, to get down into,

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and out of that canyon. Along in the summer of '73, crossing my trail at right angles, I saw horse tracks, and a trail going on up the Umpatanum. I was surprised, and determined to follow on and learn the destination, if possible. After a pursuit of half an hour, I suppose, I came in sight of a cabin, a little field fenced about, and signs of a family. A man stood a little way down the trail, picketing a pony. Saluting him, I said, "My dear sir, who are you, and what are you doing up here in this wild canyon, hid away from the rest of the world?" The man looked with blank astonishment for a moment—made no reply, but seemed absorbed in thought. After a moment he looked me in full face, and he showed every element of a man as he said, "Sir, you are a stranger to me, but you have asked me three questions which involve much. I may not fully answer, but I'll do the best I can, since you are the first white man that has called on us here." "Who am I?" "Well my name is William Thurman; in boyhood they always called me "Will Thurm." I crossed the plains in 1853, driving an ox team, for a man by my own name, from Illinois. I enlisted in the Indian war service and came out East of the mountains, the winter of 1855. Finally I joined Col. Tom Cornelius on the last campaign of the war, when he came up through the Yakima, chasing old Kamiakn; and we chased him away to

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the land of the Montanas. I had my eye on this beautiful valley, and soon after, returned here, and made my peace with the Indians, by marrying one of their women. I then settled on a beautiful ranch in lower Yakima, now the Moxce. Then went to my old neighbors on Puget Sound, engaged to pilot a lot of them over, helped them cut the road across the Snoqualamie pass, and settled them all on the best of ranches. But then they turned the cold shoulder to me, on account of my good wife's dusky face. And that we might have peace came in here, for we determined we could neither live in peace with the Indians nor the whites. I believe, sir, that I have answered your questions." I dismounted, went forward and taking him by the hand, I said, "And do I have the privilege of shaking the hand of "Will Thurm?" "Do you remember that night campfire scene, first camp out from Missouri River, when a young fellow got homesick, talked about it, and came near demoralizing the whole train? I remember something of it myself, and I have heard my parents tell it over, many a time. They always called you the hero of the occasion." "I shall never forget that night," he said. After learning my name, he welcomed me to his home, introduced his wife, and I found there one of the pleasantest homes, while in the Yakima country. That P. M., I rode on to the lower valley, wondering at the

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marvels of human life, and thanking God for the "Truth, that is stranger than fiction."

And now stir up the fire again, while I tell you something about the families of the Yakima Country.

SETTLEMENT.

The summer of '71 and '72 a good number of families moved to the Yakima, from the Willamette and the Sound. Some of the best people I ever knew. The same stalwart courage, pioneer hardihood, and Christian integrity, marked their lives. Stock raising was the principal business.

J. B. Dickerson was from The Dalles; was every way a man of mark. The Albert Kelley family, prominent at Portland. The Tanners I had known at Forest Grove. Humphreys were old timers about Portland, Theophilus H., was a leader among the younger people—now Dr. Humphrey of Portland. The Nelsons were a large family, and leaders, the Vaughns, Taylors, Goodwins, and Mayberry. These made the Christian community, but there were a large number of people who were not on the church side by any means, and who called themselves "infidels"—and very pronounced in their beliefs.

MEETINGS.

The winter of '72 we had a rather remarkable revival in the Attunam neighborhood. It

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was called a hard place—morally. The dance led everything for social life. In the midst of the meeting but little signs of a victory were visible, but it was man's extremity and God's opportunity. A break was made in the opposition. The leaders of dance, husband and wife came out, declared for Christ, and consecrated their lives to his work. To say we had victory, and "glory all around," is to speak mildly. Next day those newly enlisted met at our home for prayer meeting. Watson (the converted leader) said, "Brother Kennedy, you preached that sermon directly to me last night, where did you learn about my past life?" without reply I gave the glory to God, for the Holy Spirit had led me entirely away from the sermon of my own choosing, had brought in that one, and fastened it on my mind. So I knew it to be the divine choice, an entirely new subject to me; neither had I this man's case in mind while preaching. And so it will be if we are spirit led.

INDIAN POPULATION.

Of course the whole country there, originally belonged to the Indians, and they were always a menace to settlement. On the Simcoe Reservation, there were about 3,000 Indians. Then came the Yakima Valley proper; then across on the Columbia at Priest Rapids, there was the Smoholla band of about 500. Then Chief Moses and

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his band were just a little beyond, on the Wenatche.

During all the early settlement, there was constant alarm. The spring of '73 the Modoc war came on. The Indians all over the interior were uneasy, and many of them took the "Warpath."

At the culmination of the battle at the lava-beds those treacherous Modocs proposed a treaty, and Gen. Canby, Dr. Thomas, Agent Dyer, and Superintendent Meacham went out to treat with the Indians. But Capt. Jack and those four others, came with concealed weapons, and at a signal struck down and murdered the peace commission. This inflamed the whole Indian population of the Northwest. At this time I must go to the upper valley and meet my appointments, 40 miles away, and through the Indians range, without a single settler. Dodging through as best I could, I found the people badly scared and ready to fort up. Old Chief Smoholla and his band of two hundred had come over from Priest Rapids and were camped within the valley.

INTO THE HOSTILE CAMP.

All the people came out on Sunday. Monday came; something must be done to relieve the terrible strain. Accordingly, four of us saddled our horses and started for Smoholla's camp. We went

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unarmed, thinking it safer to meet them on square footing of friendship. We took them completely by surprise. We asked to see the chief. The Indians spoke in the jargon tongue, and told us to tie our horses and wait the appointment of Chief Smoholla. We took a position on a hill in the middle of their camp, and had a full view. Not long after we saw all the Indian men going down to the council tent. Then they sent out an escort for us.

As we entered the door of that long wigwam, nearly every warrior was present, ranged on both sides, the Chief at the rear end. He looked like a king. Stolid as a statue. He was the war leader of the Columbians. We thought of the treachery of the Modocs, but we could not back out now. On we went until just before the chief. He motioned us to stand there; then asked the reason for our coming. I spoke to him in jargon and explained the purpose for our meeting. Then said, we wanted first to preach a sermon to him and his people from the "white man's book of heaven."

That seemed to relieve all apprehension on his part and such a stillness I never saw in any audience before. For the space of half an hour not a muscle moved; not an eyelid quivered. Rigid attention.

I then told them that our people had become

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alarmed, for they thought so large a band of Indians meant hostility. And that God had made us all brothers and not enemies. So the Great Father wanted us all to live together in peace on earth. Then the old chief spoke; "If we are all brothers, why has the white man taken our lands from us? Has the white man any rights here in Kittitas that the Indian has any right to respect? The Indian came first."

Well, that was an unanswerable speech. But I excused the white man all possible. "That we could plow and plant where they could not and still let them hunt and fish." And I promised utmost friendship on the part of the white brothers.

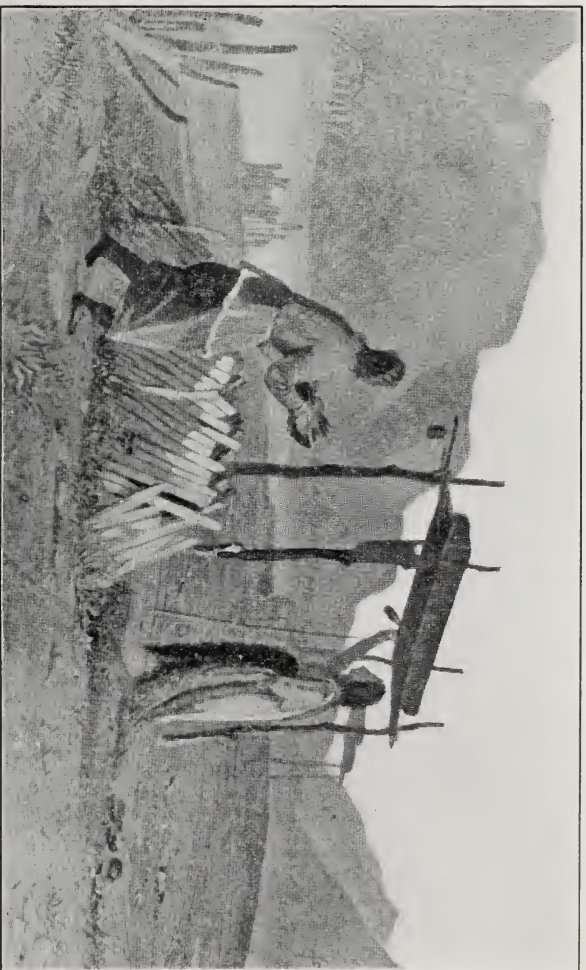
We gave them our hand shake and pronounced benediction of God on them, and Chief Smoholla agreed to accept that as the "Pipe of peace." We finally got a change of countenance in that stern face; his hearty farewell—"Klose tillacum mika," and then under those balm and fir trees we most devoutly thanked God for saving us from savage treachery, and rode away.

It was the influence of Father Wilbur's agency over those Yakimas, that kept them quiet—for he certainly was a major general, in the management of Indians.

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AGENCY.

The Indians at once feared and loved him. While at the agency on a time he told us the following story: A German brought a wagon load of liquor on to the reservation, and began selling to the Indians. Down near the Satas River, 12 miles away from Ft. Simcoe, he built his booth—set a tent—fixed a counter and shelves—put his stock in and was dealing out the “fire water,” as independently as if wholly protected by law. Some of the Indians were getting drunk, when Father Wilbur discovered it. He sent word to the Sheriff of Yakima County to go down there and arrest the intruder. The sheriff (I well knew him) sent word back, that he knew that young German too well. That, having a large family on his hands to support, he must let out that job to someone else; that he could have it if he desired. Next morning Father Wilbur saddled his riding mule, took a good riding horse with saddle, and some ropes tied on behind. Then he called to his aid, an Indian with saddle horse. Together they rode in sight of the booth; they dismounted and tied the three horses to trees. Father Wilbur then gave instruction to the Indian to stay by the horses, ropes in hand, and come to his help when called. With no kind of weapon, he approached the place. The proprietor was ready



INDIAN BURIAL

This shows how Indians disposed of their dead and is a picture of an island known yet as Coffin Rock, though the scaffolds are now all gone that were numerous in 1850.
Minaloose Island, like it, is below The Dalles.

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for him—recognizing the agent—and had a double barrel shotgun loaded and lying across his counter. When Wilbur got within forty feet the German took up the shotgun, saying, “if you come any farther, I will kill you.” Wilbur stopped; stood with a steady eye upon him, spoke not a word. The German begun to pour out a volley of oaths, and after he was exhausted with cursing he took up a whiskey bottle, poured some out into a glass and drank it. While engaged in that act, Wilbur moved up several steps. Then the man took up the shotgun again and swore he’d shoot if he came another step. After another rage of oaths, he took up the bottle and was pouring some more liquor. Seeing, now, his chance, Wilbur sprang, like a cat upon a mouse, right upon that demon—threw him backward on the ground, and was over him. But the German was a young and very stout man—he threw his hand back to his belt, grabbed his sheath knife, and made his aim at Wilbur’s side. Seeing the move, he brought his foot with such force against the man’s arm, that the knife flew clear across the booth. Now, the Indian was on hand, and with the ropes they securely tied the man. Brought the horse—lifted him into the saddle, and soon were out on the road; and within two hours they had that “demon” locked safely in the “guard house.” Once a day Father Wilbur would go to his cell and take in bread and water. The

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man would curse. On going in on the 3rd day he called to Wilbur: "I have acted the fool, Mr. Wilbur, now if you will release me, I will go down to my store of "fire water"—pour out the last drop of it, go home, and live like a man the balance of my life." "I'll take you at your word," said Wilbur. He saddled the horses and the two rode down to the 12-mile place. True to his word, that German poured out all his whiskey, then telling Father Wilbur "good-bye" turned away to go home to the Spokane country. "Hold," said Wilbur, "you will need money on your journey, here is \$20,—go now, and God bless you."

About ten years after, Father Wilbur, was over in the Palouse country on a preaching tour. Held night meeting at a certain place. At the close of the meeting, a good looking, strong young man came forward to shake his hand. "Father Wilbur, I suppose you will not recognize me. I am far from the place where you last saw me, and a very different man; thanks to God, and to yourself. I am the man that tried to ruin your Indians with liquor, and you kept me on bread and water for three days. That little experience made me the man I now am. Come back here, I want to introduce you to my wife and children." He had kept his word, and was now the strongest man in that church.

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INCIDENTS.

Having a week evening appointment at a log building, being then used for a school house, over on the Nachees, I rode to the place one very cold afternoon. I tied my horse, went in, and proceeded to build a fire, no one else being present. When darkness came on, there came in, an old gentleman—Father Vaughan. After waiting nearly an hour the old gentleman said, “Well I am sure that no one else will be here tonight, it is so cold, maybe we’d better adjourn.” “No, Father Vaughan,” said I, “I am not used to adjourning without meeting; if you will preach, I will listen.” “No, if you will preach, I will listen,” said he. “Agreed.” I opened, took my text, and preached as I had planned. And the blessing of the Lord was upon us. “Now,” said I, “I am going to do something that I never before have done,—go home with my whole congregation.” That arrangement pleased both parties. A few days after, a brother in another neighborhood met me and said, “I heard you had a large and intelligent audience out to hear you that night on the Nachees.” “How is that, I had but one person.” “Well, was not that one person Father Vaughan? He is both large and intelligent.”

One day, I was met by my old friend, Oregon Dunbar,—a lawyer in the town of Yakima. He

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said he had some important work for me to do. Pulled out of his pocket a marriage license, and asked me to meet them at a certain place and time. And it was my extreme pleasure and honor to unite in marriage, Hon. O. Dunbar and Miss Clarissa White. They since lived many years at Goldendale.

FATHER KELLY.

When I met Albert Kelly in Yakima, I said to him, "Father Kelly, you were my pastor in my boyhood, now the situation is reversed; I am your pastor. Not altogether reversed either; you helped me into the light; I cannot help you, you are still ahead of me in that way. I used to think you preached long sermons. No doubt you remember the occasion, when preaching at our camp-meeting on an afternoon, when a man sat upon a bench without a back, just in front of you, got to nodding, finally nodded too far the wrong way and fell over backwards. The boys laughed most heartily. Well you will get this all back on me, no doubt. If so, please let patience have her perfect work, and if you have to reprove, I know you will be kind about it." "But you never lost patience with me, and in that you taught me forbearance now," said he. But no doubt he had much to try his patience, with the boy preacher.

The Kelly's lived up on the Nachees River, on

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a homestead taken as a stock ranch. They were three miles from the nearest house, except opposite their place and across the Nachees. There lived two families, one mile, and two miles away. The river, for about half the year was not fordable. They seemed most shut in; but they seemed to have a little world of their own, and I loved to enter it often, and was always welcome.

About the middle of December, 1873, our quarterly meeting came on. Father Kelly came over, and remained two days. The weather turned quite cold. On the trip, he took a severe cold, resulting in pneumonia. The first of January they sent me word that he was very sick. When I arrived at their home the doctor had been called, and pronounced him seriously ill. We watched and nursed and prayed, but Father Kelly said one day, "It is the Lord's will, he has called me to lay my armor by, and be with Christ at home." And then again he said "God has given me living grace, Glory to His name," and while we sang:

"Looking home towards the heavenly mansions
Jesus has prepared for me in His glorious kingdom,"

his ransomed spirit ascended to join the church triumphant in Glory.

The country was covered with snow from one to two feet deep. It occupied an entire day to make the trip to the town, fifteen miles away, to

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provide a coffin. Another day to return, crossing the river on the ice. A grave had been made on top of a knoll overlooking the Nachees, and one of Nature's most restful spots.

We held a short funeral service after night-fall, and then the little funeral train walked away a quarter of a mile through the deep snow, and there, under the stars and the spreading branches of the fir and the oak, we buried Father Kelly. Heaped the mound of earth and snow, pronounced the benediction of peace, and returned to the cabin home. Then we commended ourselves to Father Kelly's God, and prayed that the mantle of this risen prophet might fall on us.

This seemed the beginning of a family tragedy. About a year later (mother Kelly having returned to Portland), the youngest children, son and daughter, were living on the ranch alone. The river was still quite high, in spring time. The brother hitched up the team—span of horses—took the wagon and told the sister he would drive across to the neighbors on the opposite side and get some grain for sowing. Scarcely had he reached the middle of that dashing river when the horses were in swimming water. The wagon was overturned, and soon all had disappeared. The sister waited long for his return. Night came. All through that long and terrible night she watched. Early next morning she saddled the

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pony and rode five miles to the nearest place for help. Sent men around by the lower crossing, to learn whether her brother had reached the neighbors, opposite their home. The ford was then searched. No wagon had come out on that side. Much search was made, but the body was never found.

Another season and the winter came on again. The next older brother, a young man of about 24 years, was attending the place with the sister. The snow was deep in the mountains. Some of the horses had not come to the ranch, and seemed to be snow bound. One morning the young man told his sister he would spend the day hunting those horses and try and get them in. Night came—he did not return. Another awful night passed with that young lady there in that cabin home alone, and that horrible suspense upon her. Next day she sent out searchers; they followed upon the track he had made, and came upon the place where he had tried, but failed to build a fire. He had settled down by a fir tree and frozen to death. They buried him beside his father and there is their earthly resting place. O, the mystery of human life; who can know it?

There are no unbroken families here; but there, we'll all be joined again.

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OUR CONFERENCE.

Convened in July that summer in the City of Walla Walla—first session of Columbia River Conference. Bishop Merrill presided. There were twelve preachers present, and that made the entire membership of the conference. Those twelve men covered the entire field embraced in the great district, called the Inland Empire. The towns were, The Dalles, Walla Walla, La Grande, Baker City, Boise City and the village of Pendleton. Indeed all of these were but villages. Not one of them was approached by railroad, excepting The Dalles, not one, by any other than stage coach or your own conveyance. Laborious travel was unavoidable. My first year in this territory I reached all the settled portion of two counties and rode 3000 miles on horseback.

DAYTON CIRCUIT.

When I reached Dayton, my appointment, I found the situation about as frontier, in all respects, as the settlements of the Yakima. Dayton was a town of one hundred people. No church within the entire county of Garfield. The homes of the people were cabins and shanties. There I had the most wonderful revival in all my ministry. Bro. Koontz helped me. The people came from the whole country round. We begun about

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the 1st of February with a deep snow, and cold weather. Religious conditions seemed as cold as the weather. But soon the spiritual stream broke loose, and what a glorious tide of revival—a veritable stream of salvation. Well nigh 100 were converted, and the whole country was turned from the service of satan unto God. Dancing ceased, and it was many years before it could again be revived.

We were able to build a good church in the town that year. This was the coldest winter that I have ever experienced upon this coast. Thermometer went down to 35 degrees below zero, and was near that for a while. I traveled all the time horseback, and certainly had good chance to test the cold. One of my appointments was at a school house called the “Turkey Pen,” eight miles out from Dayton. I rode out to the neighborhood on Saturday, and to Bro. Nealy’s home. Next morning was bitter cold. We saddled our horses and started to the school house, which was about two miles away. We were well wrapped, but about half way over I became unbearably cold. I tried walking a short way, but on arriving and getting into the house found that both my ears had been frozen stiff. While Bro. Nealy built a fire, finding some coal oil, I proceeded to apply it, and thaw out. By the time about a dozen people had come in, I could feel the warm blood

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coursing all through again, and we went on with the meeting. People said I had preached the "smartest" sermon that day that they had heard. "Yes, no doubt, I am the smartest preacher you have listened to lately, physically—give the cold weather the credit." We all consented.

After dinner I got into the saddle again, and rode five miles right up that mountain, in face of the storm, to meet another appointment on head of the Pattet. No one came out, and after various efforts to build a fire, being too cold to accomplish it—I got on my horse and rode him a mile away to the nearest house. When I dismounted I had to be helped into the house.

I remained with that kind family until the weather moderated. My presiding elder, Rev. S. G. Havermale, traveled a distance reaching from Pendleton to the Colville, encircling the Spokane and the Clear Water country.

BAKER CHARGE.

When I arrived at Baker City, my next appointment, hoping to have a smaller territory, I was informed that I had several mining camps to visit—"suburban towns." I asked how far they were distant; the reply was, "seventy miles to the farthest." "Magnificent dreams of future capacity Baker must have." Truth was, I had to

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occupy the whole field, of what is now the two counties; and outside of the town, had ten preaching places. I arrived at Baker in September. What memories came thronging in upon me; I hadn't seen the place since '64. In '63 had camped on that ground,—grass as high as the back of a tall horse,—turned the ox team out to graze, and not a house in sight. That year the town of Auburn had the boom, and was at first the county seat. With my brother-in-law "Johnson" and his wife—my sister, we left that camp about the first of December, '63, crossed the Blue Mountains over eighteen inches of snow, and walked all the way to The Dalles, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. Had a mule to carry the camp outfit. Then the Rockefeller quartz mine was discovered; the old water mill was built, and Baker City began to grow. The exploits and perils of those years, memory reviewed and we seem to live them over again.

The Indian war (the Piute) and just passed, and the whole country had been in terror. The people at Canyon City had gone into the mining tunnels for safety, and only escaped massacre in that way. Rev. G. W. Grannis was preacher in charge there, at that time. When they called for a volunteer to go to Baker City for help, Grannis said "I will go." Saddled his splendid riding horse, and traveled the whole distance of

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ninety miles during the night, and arrived in Baker about 9 o'clock next day. A volunteer force went over. McCoy and his company of freighters were murdered on the Blue Mountains, and my old friend George Coggans was killed near Pendleton.

Here I met many of the noblest families I have ever been associated with. The Browns, the Nelsons, the Fishers, the Saunders, and the Palmers. Once a month I made the round of the mining towns, of Southern Baker County. This required a journey of eight days and a travel of two hundred miles, preaching eight times. My first trip out on this round, I preached the first sermon ever delivered in several of those camps. When I came to the toll gate on the Dooley toll road, the gentleman, Mr. John Dooley, most cordially swung open the big gate and said, "Ride through, sir." I halted to pay the toll. "No, sir, we never charge clergymen, they get little enough, to have a free ride over my road." There was never any charge taken of a preacher.

ITINERANT INCIDENTS.

My predecessor, Lane, once come over that road, and approaching the gate, Mr. Dooley came to open; surmising his profession, he asked what business he followed. "I am going through the

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country looking after the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The ten year old son stood by, and taking it up, he said, "Pa, I wonder if those wild sheep we saw on the mountain yesterday ain't the ones he's hunting?" There was no charge, and that "shepherd" rode on.

At Mormon Basin, I was invited to make home with a family by the name of Colt. They had the best house in the town. Mr. and Mrs. Colt and two sons, small boys, composed the family. There had never been any kind of religious meetings in the camp. They had a dance hall where we were to meet for services that night. The children had been to dances, but had never seen a preacher before, and on that occasion took the preacher to be the fiddler. When we were about ready to start to meeting the boy of about ten years came up to me very inquiringly and said: "Mister, we are ready now, but I don't see your fiddle." My identity was mistaken on quite a number of occasions. When at Silver City, Idaho, some years after, the mistake was ludicrous indeed. On my first trip to Silver, I happened on a time when they were looking for a show of some kind. I got off the stage and put up at the War Eagle Hotel. Passed about a little in the evening and met a few people. Next morning I was met at the door of the hotel by two or three boys, eager to do the work of "posting my bills." "We always post show bills," they

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said. "Well, boys," I said, "I have no bills with me; the fact is, I never post bills for my show. And again, I don't charge any admittance fee. I will hold tomorrow, so be sure to be there and you will get in free." Those boys stayed by us the two years that we were in Silver.

A REAL SETTLEMENT.

That year in Baker City (1878-9) I proved some of the promises of the Bible, and put them to a practical test. The "Good Book" says, "Seek and ye shall find." I sought for the "help corollary (mete)" promised to those of whom it was said, "it is not good to live alone." I found my Belle, not a church bell exactly, but the forecast was, that she had large adaptabilities. I was not disappointed. We reasoned together, that neither of us amounted to anything alone, so we formed "a trust"; a trust that none of the courts of the country have been able to break, from that day to the present time. Not long after, a young gentleman came along, and wanted to enter the "trust." He was received in as a partner. He has often been "the main spoke in the wheel."

A BATTLE.

The winter of '78, there came a new sect into the community, which came near overturning the

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whole church following. Sometimes error is so robed up, and so subtly presented, that to the human eye, it shines with brilliancy.

God enabled me to so set forth the ramparts of Christian faith, and so to use the artillery of truth, that in ten nights' discussion, the whole field was cleared. The whole community settled again to normal spiritual life—stronger than ever before.

I claim nothing for myself in this. To try to overturn the Devil's Kingdom in our world single handed and alone, would be like shooting at an elephant with a pop-gun, in the hand of a boy. All success is of God. He gets behind us and gives direction, and underneath us, and bears us up in his everlasting arms, and gives us victory.

What wonderful social times we used to have in Baker!" We had a literary society called the "Reading Circle;" then came the "Blue Ribbon Club," and temperance society. The people were intelligent, ambitious, social; if you want to live among a good people, from a social and literary standpoint, go to Baker.

There were the McKinneys, the Jetts, the Grays, the Parkers, the Smalls, the Bowens, the Shepherds, the various teachers, of the pioneer times, the Traceys, the McCrarys, the Scofields, the Wisdoms and Charley Sargent, whose funeral I preached at The Dalles, January 3rd, 1913.

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A weekly paper had been organized and run by J. M. Shepherd, and in '79 he printed a daily, about eight inches square, and called it the "Sage Brush." My church notices were in it, also some other notices were printed.

EXPERIENCES.

The quartz mines began to be developed. We were invited to spend a Sabbath at the famous Elk Horn. The stage took us up on Saturday. Up—up—a climb of five miles, up all the way. Scenery, the rival of the world. Mighty forests of pine all up the mountain sides, whose top reached to ten thousand feet, and eternal snow. Canyons with roaring streams running down to mingle with Powder River. The whole beautiful valley stretching away; and the beautiful town of Baker nestling among the foothills. Yonder is the mine on the mountain side, seven thousand feet above sea level. Looked a veritable eyrie on its mountain perch. Sunday, all the miners were allowed to come to the preaching service, and we had a rousing time, preaching to them in the dining hall at the boarding house. Had a temperance meeting in the evening and wife addressed the miners, for which they complimented her very highly. How they did sing; old memories came in and many a cheek was wet.

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Went to another mining camp just over the line in Grant County. Arrived on Saturday and circulated an appointment to preach on Sunday night. Where? No one knew. No school house, no place where they had ever assembled. No preacher had ever visited them before. A gentleman came and asked me if I would preach in a saloon—was the only place large enough. “Surely if you will seat it and open the way.” The time came, I went over and found the house crowded to capacity. Everybody had turned out. Gambling was still going on. The proprietor called a halt and everybody put away his cards and bottles. They set the tables against the wall for seats, brought in benches, covered the billiard table with a canvas and told me to use it for my books and pulpit. We sang the old hymns, and everybody joined in. The fervency of song rolled upward to God, as if from the sanctuary, and the altars of the Lord. O, how those miners did listen; most profound attention, not the least whisper or motion; souls were stirred with the gospel message, and many a heart was melted with memory of the consecrations of childhood and home. At the close a gentleman, one of the miners, arose with his hat in hand and asked for a moment’s time. He said, “Now boys, you know me, I am not much on religion. I certainly can’t sing like the rest of you, but one thing I can do, I can take up the collection; now out with the

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coin, and don't keep me waiting." I need not say there was a liberal contribution. I thanked them heartily; left an appointment, and went back and preached again. I know God took care of this "sowing precious seed by the way."

TO PENDLETON.

Our next appointment was to Pendleton. Arrived there the fall of '80. "A city charge" this time. Well, we found a city of five hundred people, one small church (no parsonage) and had some more "suburban" appointments; the farthest forty miles away. I was the only preacher of any denomination in Umatilla County, except the Catholic missionary among the Indians.

INCIDENTALS.

Here I found my old friend, Lot Livermore, whom I knew at Umatilla Landing when I taught school there in the sixties. And also Mr. R. Alexander, a merchant, who had also captured one of Baker City's belles.

Our own hands built a parsonage—five room cottage, well furnished, and by the coming of winter, we were comfortably housed.

Our presiding elder was an Englishman (Rev. G. C. Roe) and he used to hold "hafter meetings." His common expression was, "Now I want you

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hall to come right hup to the halter 'ere, and Brother Kennedy will bray." I told him that reminded me of the announcement made by an English Brother at one of our conferences held at Oregon City. Being preacher in charge, he was making the announcements for the afternoon and evening meetings. There was a preacher in the conference whose name was Elworthy. "Now," he said, "I want you hall to come hout this afternoon, for Brother Helworthy will breach."

The Umatilla country was formerly a stock country. At this time the settlements began to take on farming conditions and the people were moving in. Had several preaching places outside the town, and yet half my time was to be given to Pendleton.

Two school houses on Meadows, three on Birch Creek, and then I crossed the divide to Camas Prairie. But, O, those settlers were hungry for the gospel, and it was a pleasure to give it to them. The work of those years of wife and myself among those good people, has matured, and brought us large blessings in return.

A ROMANCE.

On one of our visits to the Birch Creek country—were to hold meeting in a grove on that creek. I went out to a sheep camp on Saturday,

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to get acquainted and invite them to the meeting. A Mr. Ross owned the large band of sheep, and was "dipping" them that day, which must be done regularly, and with the proper solution. I introduced myself to the gentleman, telling my name. "Are you that 'sheep-dip' Kennedy we have heard so much about?" was his question. (Some Kennedy had prepared a "sheep-dip"). "No," said I, "I don't dip my sheep, I sprinkle them." "And is it effective? I'd like to see the process, I've never heard before of sprinkling sheep." "Well, Mr. Ross, if you will be at a certain place over there on the creek tomorrow about noon, I'll show you the process, and you may judge for yourself whether it is effective or not." He promised to be there and "witness the test."

Everybody turned out as usual. After preaching I called several candidates for baptism forward, and after the solemn obligations, I performed the baptism by sprinkling. After this the dinner in the grove came on. Walking in the grove, I soon met Mr. Ross, who said, "Sir, you have given me a splendid lesson today, I was sprinkled that way in my childhood, and it had been a thousand times better for me had I kept my vows."

As an under shepherd of the Great Master, my hands and head and heart were all full, full to repleteness those years.

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SOME STAGE RIDES.

In those early days, to travel by stage was called the most advanced mode of travel, and was indeed the most rapid transit. You could travel two hundred miles in twenty-four hours, if both day and night were employed. My, the rutty roads, the rocky roads, the swinging of the "thorough-brace."

Having occasion to be in the old home for a while, the winter of 1871-72. Had to return to Walla Walla in midwinter. Came up the river to The Dalles on the steamboat, pushing its way through the ice. Above The Dalles the river was frozen up, stage ran out from The Dalles twice a week, and made it through in three days and nights. Bought my ticket for \$25 and took a seat with the driver. The thermometer was ten degrees below zero, the morning we started. No stopping for dinner. Towards night on the John Day prairie, it became "bitter cold." We drove into Leonard's Station—John Day River—at 11 o'clock at night, when we thawed out and had a good supper. I asked when the stage would start. "At two o'clock," was the answer. It was then twelve M., but to get two hours' sleep was better than none at all, so went to bed and was called at half past one. Got breakfast, but of course was not hungry. Asked the bill: "\$2.50 has always been our price

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for two meals and night's lodging," was the reply. Of course I had had the "two meals, and the night's lodging."

Another cold drive over the bleak hills, and all day without dinner. Arrived at Umatilla Landing at 6 P. M., thirty minutes' rest and supper, then "all aboard for Blue Mountain Station." All night, bouncing, bouncing, almost freezing. Another hard day's drive brought us into Walla Walla at about sunset. Some time after that I left by stage, enroute for the annual conference, to meet at Salem. The stage drive was to Wallula, on the Columbia, thence on by boat. There were twelve passengers on the four-horse coach, eight inside and four on the top (upper deck). O, the dust, not a cloud of it only, but sluices of it rolling up and around the wheels, and then spilling over the coach. The pockets of my duster coat were half full when I arrived at Wallula.

The coach stopped in front of a rough-looking place bearing the sign, "Wallula Hotel." It took us nearly an hour to empty dust and clean up. Certainly we were hungry. There was no appearance of anybody about the kitchen. Occasionally the door would open. An Irish roustabout came in soon. We asked if we could all get supper soon? "Be the howly saints, gintlemen, the landlady has been on a spree for two days, and begorra, she's in bed yet." A quarter of an hour later, the

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kitchen door came open again. I looked in and a very large hog had come in at the back door, and had full possession. "Well, gentlemen, I will find another 'hotel' or walk on down the river." So we all took leave, but soon found a boarding house and entertainment for the night. A preacher on his way to conference—yes, but these are "frontier places and times." Sometime the memory may be a pleasure, though now we would decline the experience.

And now in Pendleton in 1882; wife, and baby six months old, returned home from Baker on the old stage-coach, one hundred and thirty-five miles' drive, all day and most of the night. One hour's rest at La Grande for dinner. Heat and dust all the day; cold night coming over the mountains. A mother with a large baby a half year old. The swing and bounce of that old stage, the impossibility of sleep even for the babe. How could those things be done? No one knows but the pioneer traveler.

PEOPLE.

Thank God for the good people of the Pendleton charge! The Gilliams, the Jordans, the Gibsons, the Pecks, the Bensons, the Rayleys, the Kauffmans, the Robbins, Dr. Pruett, the Lees, the Despains. All were a constant benediction upon us. In their hearts we lived, and in some of their

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lives we have wrought the work, that will live after, when we “rest from our labor, and our works do follow us.” Most all, whom I have mentioned in this book—dear precious names—have gone up and “pitched their tents on fame’s eternal camping ground.” They await our coming.

“O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.”

I am aware that I have passed the line of pioneer times; hence must close my story.

I beg room to insert here a paragraph with personal bearings; just as an Epitome.

In the forty years’ ministry, I have traveled 80,000 miles in filling appointments alone. Have received 300 persons into the church. Have married 150 couples. Have preached 4000 sermons and given 150 lectures and addresses. Have crossed the Blue Mountains 40 times and in every possible way of travel; and I am conscious that “I have laid up treasure in heaven.”

The highest conception of duty is to know and obey the law of God: All “law” begins and ends in our Lord’s “first and great commandment”—supreme Love to God; and its corollary, the love of fellow man. On those two, hangs all my theology.

This review admonishes me that I am at the summit. God grant that the down grade may

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have less difficulty, and more of that glory of sunshine which often clothes the western sky at evening time.

Chemeketa— “Here I rest.”



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ADENDA.

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days of auld lang syne?

We two have run about the braes,
And pu’d the gowans fine;
And wandered many a weary foot,
Sin’ the days of auld lang syne.”

BIOGRAPHIC

The author of this book was born at the old farm home in Pike County, Illinois, September 5th, 1847. That farm was in the Pleasant Hill district, and ten miles east of the Mississippi River. To my memory it was an ideal spot, there on the oak hills, hickory, walnut, elm, cherry and maple, with wild grape all intertwined.

A tributary of “Six Mile” creek, running through. On the one side, was my Uncle Frank Berry and family, and on the other, Uncle Frank Duniven; and a half mile away. It was a log-cabin home, and all that attaches to such a home, of simplicity, freedom, jovialty, childhood merri-ment, was there. There grew the tall corn, and the big yellow pumpkins.

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I don't know whether I was cradled in a sugar trough or not—here memories fail me. Probably not—for I have never been accused of possessing much of that sweetness of character that some claim, who were thus cradled. But I remember well the sugar troughs, sitting about among the maple trees, in the spring time, receiving the flow of the sap, through a section of elder bush, from which the pith had been punched. There was a large relationship of the Kennedys and Wells, in that section of the country.

My father, Wm. M. Kennedy, was born in Kentucky in the year 1819. His parents were Scotch. Came to America and settled, first in Virginia, and then in Kentucky. When my father was three years old, they moved again, and settled in Missouri. There the father grew to manhood; was educated, learned the blacksmith trade, and in 1841 was married to Miss Mary A. Wells. Her parents were of German origin, and born in Pennsylvania. Was married in Kentucky and soon thereafter, moved to Missouri. My mother was born on a farm near St. Louis, in 1820. Both father and mother belonged to large families, and in those early days of life in the wild territory of Missouri, every difficulty of frontier life was experienced. The hostile Indians were on their borders; they were hundreds of miles west of mills and factories; they must make cloth by weaving,

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upon the hand loom. Food was principally corn cake and wild game.

After marriage, father moved to Illinois, bought a farm, but, also worked at his trade. The fall of '52 he determined to move to Oregon. The coming spring, set about making his wagons, and preparing for the trip. Well do I remember the "Starting day." The outfit was packed into two wagons. The five yoke of oxen hitched up. The riding horses saddled. The dear relatives and friends had gathered in for the "farewell," many were the tears shed that morning. "The old family Bible" was read. The old hymn, "I'm a Pilgrim, I'm a Stranger, I Can Tarry, I Can Tarry But a Night" (so often afterwards) was sung, and we were all commended to the keeping of the God, who led Israel safe home to Canaan.

That little company of emigrants was soon moving westward; and at the close of a beautiful March day, encamped on the Mississippi River where others joined, until there was a train of forty wagons, enroute for Oregon.

Of the journey to Oregon, and the pioneer life, I have spoken in the body of this book. Father and mother have both gone home to heaven.

The subject of this sketch was one of a family of six children. The oldest, Mary V., is the wife of Mr. J. L. Johnson, married at the old home at Belpassi, Marion County, in 1858. Now lives at

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Woodburn—same neighborhood. Richard H. was married to Miss Lizzie McLaughlin, in Polk County, in 1868. For some years they lived on their farm near Woodburn, then sold, and bought again in Lane County, near Cottage Grove. Perry L. retained the old farm near Woodburn, where he has lived, practically, since 1858. He was married to Miss Katie Manning, in the year 1874. The brothers have always followed the farm, and are practical all day men. The two youngest sisters, Jennie A. and Emma K., both died in early life. The brother-in-law, J. L. Johnson, emigrated from Illinois to Oregon in 1851, settled in the neighborhood of the present city of Woodburn, and the donation claim became "the old home farm" on which my brother, P. L. Kennedy, now lives. His father was Rev. Neill Johnson; preached much of his time, and did a great work in the pioneer days. His sons followed farming and the nursery. They have the distinction of having planted the first walnuts in Oregon, and of raising the first trees. Those seeds were planted in 1852, and trees were sold from them in 1854. That has been a disputed point, but this is certainly authentic.

In 1879, the subject of this sketch was married to Miss Belle Small, in Baker City, Oregon. Her father, Mr. Samuel Small, was related to Rev. Thomas H. Small, pioneer preacher in Oregon. Was born in Missouri, and came to Oregon in 1853,

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with his father's family. Her mother, Fannie Levens, was also born in Missouri. Came at an early day to California, thence to Oregon in 1872, and settled in Baker City. Both parents have joined the great company and gone ahead to the promised land.

Sam Small was one of Baker City's most noted and worthy citizens. Was superintendent of public schools in the county, and a teacher for many years. No man was held in higher esteem. Both were most devoted members of the Baptist Church.

The oldest son, George B. Small, was born at Colusa, California, and came to Baker City with the family in '72. Was educated in the public schools, taking his finish at Blue Mountain University, while Dr. Ackerman was its president. He learned the printer's trade in childhood, working on the "Bedrock Democrat," owned by J. M. Shepherd. He afterwards bought the paper, and has for a long time been editor of the Daily Democrat, associated with Mr. I. B. Bowen.

Small is a most influential man in Eastern Oregon. His paper is the leading journal. Everybody knows him, and he knows everybody. His heart is as big as his head. They make an even balance.

George B. is "Sui Generis"—none like him. He married Miss Nea Hazeltine (daughter of the noted artist, Hazeltine, of Baker City) in the year

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1886. She is also a great artist, her paintings having secured many prizes, and have secured for her much reputation. They have an ideal home. Have three children.

The sister, Mary (Small) Donnelly, is the wife of J. T. Donnelly, cashier of the Citizens National Bank of Baker. No one in that community wields a weightier influence in business life than he. His career has been remarkably successful. He started at the bottom as to material means, in the days of small things up there; and has certainly gone well toward the top. They own a most beautiful home in Baker. Their son is Dr. James Donnelly of Portland. The younger brothers live: the one, Frank C., in Alaska, the other, J. Lev, in San Francisco.

The Levens family have been in Baker and Eastern Oregon for a good many years. Bud Levens, known by everybody, once sheriff of Baker County, now lives in San Diego, California. His son Will, is a prominent attorney at Baker. Aunt Eliza (Levens) Lake and Uncle Tom, are next door neighbors to everybody in that city. Rhoda (Levens) Jett, with her husband George W. Jett, occupy one of the most beautiful homes in the center of the city. George J. crossed the great plains in '64 and settled at that early date in Powder River Valley, becoming one of the earliest pioneers. He has held several offices in the county.

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Our son, Dr. W. S. Kennedy, resides in The Dalles, Oregon, where he has practiced dentistry, since the summer of 1907. He is a graduate of Baker City High School, class of 1902; went then to Northwestern Dental College, Chicago, from which he took his diploma in 1907. Returning to Oregon, settled in The Dalles. Two years since he was appointed by Governor West to a place on the State Board of Dental Examiners. He was married in February, 1908, to Miss Edna Carlson, resident in Spokane. Edna (Carlson) Kennedy is the daughter of Lillie (Robbins) Carlson. Her grandfather, Harvey Robbins, being a pioneer of 1850, and always a border man, Indian fighter and Inland Empire builder. Her father, Charles Carlson, was Chicago reared.

In August, two years and a half ago, to the home of the Dr. and his wife, there came a "stray sunbeam"—the darling Jean. "They looked, and lo, above the glory that marked that summer day; there came a gentle sunbeam, a little silver ray." They have since stood within the light of that sunbeam, and allowed that little embodiment of light and love "persona," not to be the idol, but the ideal of their life.

I must be allowed a backward look for a moment. I quote from the "Bedrock," August 1st, 1879.

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“Married, on Thursday night, July 31, 1879, at the Methodist Church, by the Rev. J. McKean, presiding elder, the Rev. G. W. Kennedy, pastor of the church, to Miss Belle Small, of Baker City. The church was filled to its utmost capacity with the people, all anxious to see the parties, and hear the ceremony so well performed by the elder. From the church a few special friends accompanied the bride and groom to the home of the bride’s mother, Mrs. Small, where refreshments were served and a most pleasant evening enjoyed.”

We passed one day in the old home, receiving congratulations, “The girls all envying Hanna Jane—the boys all envying me.”

On Saturday morning started for our annual conference, to be held at Walla Walla, one hundred and fifty miles away. The journey would be made by horse and buggy. Spent a few days at a camp meeting in the Grand Ronde Valley. Preached there and helped the pastor, G. W. Granis. Went on toward Walla Walla, over the Blue Mountains. When we arrived at Bingham Springs, half way place, stopped for night. There was some kind of a “fandango” going on, and the good proprietor could only give us a bed on the floor—and on buffalo robes, with a pair of blankets, etc. We were tired and glad to get that; but O, the noise—put two days together without sleep. The next day had to drive forty miles over the high moun-

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tains, and then on arrival, preached the opening sermon of the conference session. A succession of practical experiences most surely, for a young preacher's wife, a bride of but five days.

But O, the torments of friends sometimes! Those preachers wanted to prefer charges against me, for going into the house of a widow lady, Mrs. Small, at Baker City, and taking away a Bell-e, which she had kept safely and greatly prized, for near onto twenty years. But finally dismissed the matter on the ground that it was a "Small" affair, any way.

Got our appointment, took an excursion to my old Willamette home, by stage and boat; then drove again back home to Baker; then a journey on to Union, our appointed work, traveling in all about one thousand miles. And we have been traveling ever since.

We are poor, in that which makes material wealth, but rich in that which is better, the reward of a good conscience, and the heart friendship of the best people of this great country.

I can't resist a little reverie, while my memory names again a few of those whom we know make up that list of friends: The Wrights and Eatons, and Swackhamers—dear Nevada S., Chrissie B. and all the Leaguers at Union. The Henrys, and Bakers, and Huntingdons and Slaters, and Kinseys, and Tablers, and a host of converts in our

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great revival meeting at La Grande. Brother Penfield, the Trowbridges, the Parishes, Dr. Howard and family, the Luces at Canyon City and John Day Valley. The Heistlers, the McAtees, the Quinns, the Johnstons, the Knowles, the Springers, the Balchs, the Vanderpools, the McHaleys, Dr. Dodds, and Dr. Brown, at Dufer. The Southernns, the Hastings, the Sellecks, the Adkinsons, the Boltons, the Coveys, the Richards, the Greenlees, the Smiths, at Boyd. God bless them all; their friendship is a sacred trust. Richer are those who possess it, than those endowed with rich inheritance, or mines of gold.

Our days have not been all resplendent. God grant, that "at evening time it shall be light" and the western horizon, be filled with a cloudless sunset. Then may we go over and join the dear company that have crossed the river, and are sitting under the shade of the trees, by the River of Life.

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POSTLUDE.

Oregon has the highest health record of any state in the union. Extreme old age is not unfrequent. Many have lived beyond one hundred years. This is attributable to several causes. Climatic conditions are favorable. Also, the pioneers were the most hardy and strongly developed people, physically, intellectually and religiously, to be found in the world. They were the builders of Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri; then crossed the Rockies to the Oregon country.

“Grandma” Wood—Mrs. Mary, Ramsey, Lemons Wood—was one hundred and twenty (120) years old, when she died at her home in Hillsboro, Oregon, seven years ago. For years she had been called the “Queen of Oregon.” Born in Tennessee in 1787, emigrated to this wild territory in 1852. She rode on horseback all the way across the plains. Built the first hotel in Hillsboro, and died there in 1907 vigorous in spirit to the day of her death—a stalwart Christian heroine.

Oregon is rich in the possession of the name and life work of Captain James Blakeley. A “centenarian,” lived beyond one hundred years; died at his home in Brownsville in the year 1912. He was born during the second war with England and the spirit of patriotism seemed his inheritance. Came to Oregon in 1846. On his land claim grew up the

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town of Brownsville. In 1855 the Indian war came on, and Blakeley organized a company of volunteer soldiers, and did valorous service in southern Oregon. On the occasion of his 100th birthday he saw his family come together in his home. They numbered 34; reaching to the fifth generation. A life of remarkable achievements. Few have made such a history. His son George C. Blakeley, once county judge, lives in The Dalles.

A Canadian gentleman by the name of De Lore, now a citizen of this country, came here in about 1830. On the occasion of the Lewis & Clark Fair he was 103 years old. If living now would be 112. Of this I am not certain.

There is a gentleman, mountaineer mule packer, miner, living somewhere in Josephine county, who was 101 years old in 1906. Probably continues to this day.

“Grandmother” Kemp reached the age of 103 years. I knew her all my life in Oregon. On the occasion of her 101st birthday, among others present, sat her daughter at the age of 71, this daughter’s daughter, present aged 41, her daughter, aged 21, nursing a babe, one year old. She was long a citizen of Salem.

The poet Joaquin Miller’s mother lived to the age of 91, and about that time of life, on taking dinner with her son, he reproved her for being so careless of her diet. She replied, “probably the

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reason that I died so young is that I have eaten mince pie and sausage all my life." My own mother, Mrs. Mary A. Kennedy, lived to the age of 91.

Rev. John Flinn lives in Portland at the age of 97—last of the old missionaries.

Limits here, forbid me mentioning many who have lived beyond 100 years in Oregon; monuments of which this state is proud, and delights to do them honor.

The oldest person now living in the original Oregon country is "Old Jake Hunt", the old Klickitat chief, in his wigwam on the White Salmon near Mt. Adams. He is now 114 years old.

THE AUTHOR.



BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



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